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HUSTLER

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MAY 2007

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ON JERRY SPRINGER & K-FED

BUSH CRIMES:
THE CASE FOR IMPEACHMENT

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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AND RADFORD

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My Name: JENNA JIZZ (PORN STARLET)

Childhood Ambition: FOR MY DADDY TO LOVE ME AND FOR BOYS TO THINK I'M PRETTY

Fondest Memory: THE TIME I DID TRIPLE-PENETRATION.

Indulgence: 50-GUY GANG-BANG

Last Purchase: DOUCHES, LUBE AND RU486

Favorite Movie: "THE GRANNY & THE TRANNY #6" AND "HAPPY FEET"

Inspiration: MONEY (SOMETIMES DRUGS)

My Life: IS A SEXY, FUCKED-UP MESS

My Card: IS AMERICUM SEXPRESS

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad or a real product.
Everyone knows that porn girls always pay in cash.

My life. My card.

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Cover photo by Holly Randall

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TO THE 110th CONGRESS: IMPEACH THE BASTARD!

George W. Bush is a traitor. He has betrayed the country by hurling us into a bloody, open-ended war that benefits only the war profiteers (of which it can be argued he is one) and by shredding the Constitution he swore to uphold. Bush has not only suspended habeas corpus and posse comitatus, but also authorized torturing suspected foreign adversaries and eavesdropping on innocent American citizens.

Compare the foregoing (which is certainly not a complete list of Bush's transgressions) to the articles of impeachment prepared against President Bill Clinton in 1999. Does anyone think, even for a moment, that what Clinton did comes close to the heinous crimes of George W. Bush? Does a blowjob have the same value as 3,000 American lives or the lives of 650,000 Iraqi civilians?

I urge the 110th Congress to support articles of impeachment against this usurper king. A failure to support them will send a message that justice is no longer served in our once-great country, leaving an indelible stain on the legislative branch.

It is less important that we get an impeachment vote in a divided Congress than it is that we make the attempt. Show us, your constituents, that you have the guts to do what's right.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

SOUND ADVICE ▶

Don't let this compact speaker system's size fool you. Creative's **GigaWorks T20** features 28 watts of total RMS power and a true two-way design for perfect highs, lows and midrange sound. The clarity and detail are amazing, with the high-quality audio controls delivering precision tuning for volume, bass and treble. The **T20** can be hooked up to any audio component, or use the additional front input jacks for an MP3 player, computer or gaming console. With their distinctive yellow-woven glass-fiber cone drivers, these babies look good anywhere. Available at ***UScreative.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

GET WET ▶

This cool little MP3 player is tailor-made for the music fan on the go who never wants to be without his favorite tunes. The **Ultra Hydra**, which weighs slightly less than one ounce, is perfect for working out, hiking, jogging or just hanging around the beach or pool—and is splash-proof. That means don't take the gizmo for a swim, but there's no need to freak out if some water accidentally hits it.

The sharp-looking **Ultra Hydra** comes in either black, orange or forest green, with 1GB (about 500 songs) and 2GB models to choose from. Available at ***TigerDirect.com***. Suggested retail price: $59.99 for the 1GB model.

WHERE ARE WE, HONEY? ▲

There is nothing worse than being lost and having your significant other yelling at you to stop and ask for directions. The value-oriented yet high-quality **NAV200** portable navigation system from Delphi is here to help. Not much bigger than a hand, the unit is ready to go right out of the box. An SD memory card is pre-loaded with U.S. and Canadian map programs, and voice-guided directions from a built-in speaker make getting around simple.

You'll never have to stop and ask strangers for directions again, and if your flustered traveling companion insists on bitching, just pull over and let her walk. Available at ***ShopDelphi.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

ON THE GO ▶

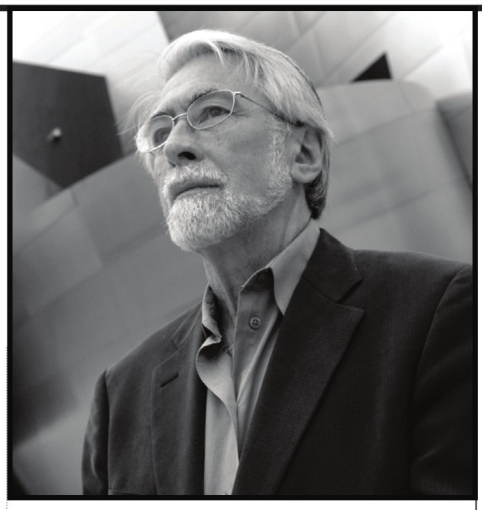
Fans of Sirius Satellite Radio already know about its 100-plus channels filled with music, sports and stimulating talk shows (notably Howard Stern). And starting this year, Sirius will be offering live coverage of every Nextel Cup race and other NASCAR series. What many subscribers may not be aware of is that it's now possible to take all that great programming anywhere they like.

The **Stiletto 100** is the first-ever *portable* live personal satellite radio. The compact unit, which relies on WIFI technology, can also store up to 100 hours of programming, as well as MP3/WMA files. Get Sirius. Available at ***Sirius.com***. Suggested retail price: $349.99 (monthly subscription required).

◀ LIGHT IT UP

Why just listen to music when you can *see* it? The **Lightcast** interactive music light show syncs to a tune and creates a multicolored spectacle. Just connect the device to your MP3 player, CD player, home stereo or virtually any type of audio equipment, then your speakers, and you're ready to groove. The **Lightcast** has 33 built-in LCD lights that blink, pulse and dance on your ceiling (or wall) in red, blue and green. Come into the light. Available at ***FarmFreshStuff.com***. Suggested retail price: $49.99.

THE DRUG WAR IS A SNOW JOB



WELCOME TO ABSURDISTAN, where destructive laws that make zero sense stay on the books for 20 years. What does it take to get America's Congress to admit a mistake and correct it?

Of all the family-wrecking absurdities embedded in the so-called "War on Drugs," the poster child has to be the discriminatory way African-Americans busted for crack cocaine offenses receive 100-times-more-severe sentences than whites convicted of the same crimes involving powder coke. Under the mandatory crack sentencing law introduced in Congress in 1986 by North Carolina tobacco money addict Senator Jesse Helms and passed without hearings or serious debate, a dealer caught carrying 499 grams of cocaine powder could be treated lightly, but someone who bought 5 grams from that dealer and put it into a microwave with baking soda and water, cooking it into crack, would be banished to a federal prison for five years without possibility of parole.

More than 80% of those sentenced to federal prison for crack offenses are black, while whites predominate among powdered-cocaine users. Before 1986, the average federal drug sentence for African-Americans was 11% higher than for whites; just four years later, the average federal drug sentence for African-Americans was 49% higher.

Supporters of the crack laws would have us believe this is a regrettable coincidence, that crack is really different enough from powdered cocaine to justify a 100-to-1 disparity in sentencing. Two decades of social research and hard science, however, have decimated this argument.

"Cocaine is cocaine," Dr. Marian W. Fischman wrote in a definitive 1996 report in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, which established that crack is not in any fundamental way different in its impact than other forms of cocaine. "Regardless of whether you shoot it up or smoke it or snort it, it has the same stimulant effect."

Since that report, the other nonracial arguments made in support of differentiated sentencing for crack and powder have been systematically rebutted. More addictive? Negative. Causes more violent behavior? Uh-uh. More damaging to fetuses? An urban legend.

In fact, the "crack baby" crisis which sold so many newspapers in the '80s was a media creation without basis in science, according to Dr. Deborah Frank, professor of pediatrics at Boston University School of Medicine, who has researched the issue for years. Crack has the same effect on children in the womb as powder cocaine—and, in terms of birth defects, the effects were quite similar to those caused by tobacco, a legal high.

Of course, crack, sold in small smokeable fragments, is cheaper than powder coke, which is one reason it spread so fast through the nation's urban cores in the '80s. But crystal meth—"redneck crack"—is cheaper still, and arguably more damaging and crazy-making.

Nevertheless, primarily because of the ridiculous crack sentences, African-Americans now serve virtually as much time in prison for a drug offense—at 58.7 months—as whites do for a violent offense—at 61.7 months—according to an October 2006 report by the American Civil Liberties Union. While African-Americans make up 15% of the country's drug users, they comprise 37% of those arrested for drug violations, 59% of those convicted and 74% of those sentenced to prison for drug offenses.

From 1986 to 1991, while the number of blacks imprisoned for violent offenses rose by about the same amount as whites (31,000 and 33,000, respectively), the number of blacks imprisoned for drug offenses increased four times as much as the increase for whites (66,000 vs. 15,000), according to a Human Rights Watch report. This occurred at a time when survey data showed that five times as many whites were using drugs as blacks. Since 1986, the incarceration rate for African-American women has soared 800%, largely driven by drug convictions.

Because of these and similar numbers proving the current system is racist, the federal Sentencing Commission has, to no avail, issued a series of reports urging the crack/powder disparity be addressed by lawmakers immediately. (In 2005 the Supreme Court decided mandatory sentencing violated the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution; the effects of this rule will take years to see.) The commission found not only consistent patterns of race-based punishment, but also was frustrated that the severe sentences were completely out of proportion to the scale of the crimes.

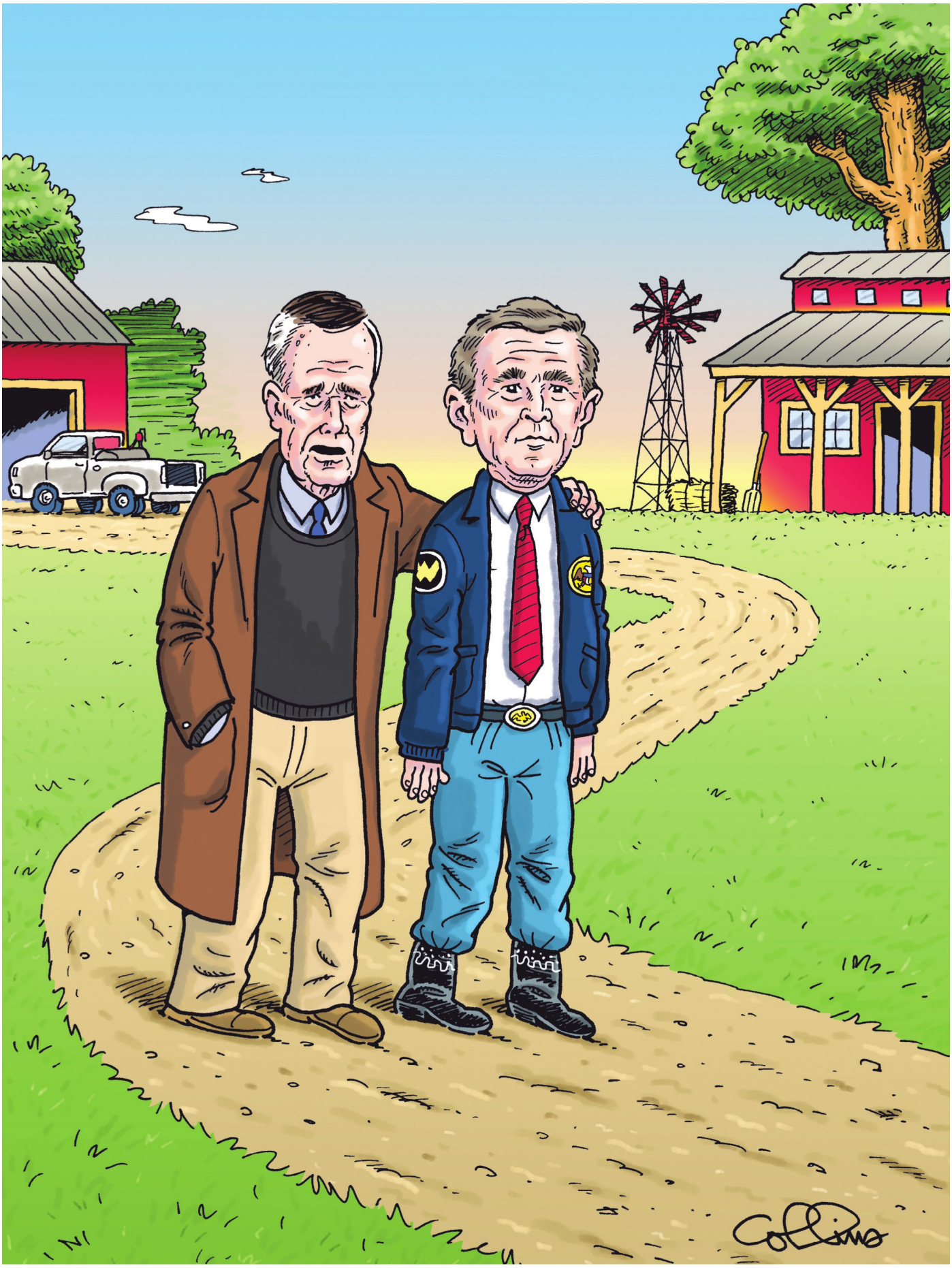
"Mandatory penalties for crack cocaine offenses apply most often to offenders who are low-level participants in the drug trade," the commissioners wrote, citing data showing that 73% of crack defendants are merely street-level dealers, couriers or lookouts.

Of course, if we were actually winning the War on Drugs, some hard-hearted folks could be expected to accept such inequities based on the break-eggs-to-make-an-omelette view of problem-solving. Unfortunately, this war is as much a lose-lose quagmire as the real war over in Iraq—and is similarly expensive, costing an estimated $40 billion a year. Prohibition has failed equally to stamp out markets and to increase street prices for heroin, methamphetamine and marijuana.

The evidence of failure is everywhere: Marijuana is now the nation's number one cash crop—worth more than the corn and wheat crops combined—even as a record number of Americans were arrested for marijuana violations in 2005 (nearly 800,000, according to the FBI). After we've spent nearly 5 billion in taxpayer dollars since 2000 on planes fumigating Colombia's coca crop, farmers there are producing just as much cocaine as before, according to drug journalist Neil Peirce. Prices for drugs across the United States are low and purity high, despite the highest incarceration rates in the industrialized world. Simply put, the hardline approach has been tried and failed.

If we are feeling generous, we can allow that back in 1986, in the hysterical wake of star B-baller Len Bias's tragic death days after he was drafted by the Boston Celtics (and the bloody turf fights then erupting in America's toughest neighborhoods over control of the drug trade), Congress was not being racist when it passed the crack laws. However, just as Bias was believed to have died smoking crack but was discovered to have been using powder cocaine, the facts long since should have shocked our leaders into rectifying their mistake.

That it hasn't is a clear indictment that racism is alive and still powerful in the United States almost 150 years after the end of slavery.



"It's okay, son. I too know what it's like to not pull out in time."

HUSTLER in the Dust Bowl?

I am wondering about the availability of your magazine in the flat Christian wasteland of Oklahoma. I'll be relocating there, and I know that the state bans such things as pornography and the scientific method. I want to get an idea of what to expect when I go to a newsstand to pick up a copy of HUSTLER.

Will I be able to purchase it down there and, if so, will it be packaged with a full-length hard-core DVD all for the low, low price of $10.99? Maybe it would be simpler if I just ordered a subscription. Would I still get a DVD every month? **—Beau VanderWater**
Grand Rapids, Michigan

HUSTLER's subscription rate is $39.95 for 13 issues, but only the initial issue includes a bonus DVD. We are not permitted to mail the hard-core DVD to certain states and parts of others, but so far, Oklahoma isn't one of them. It hasn't banned the newsstand sale of HUSTLER either.

Hair Today

Thanks for a great mag! I was drawn to your publication back in the '70s and have loved it ever since. My wife was grossed out, but oh well! She'd toss some of my issues, but that didn't keep me from the best magazine out there. My wife eventually mellowed. She even bought me a Christmas subscription a few years back.

I particularly enjoyed seeing models taking a leak outdoors, and I'm bewildered that pee-shots no longer seem to be part of your mag. Please resume.

I'm also confused about the lack of pubic hair these days. Do you guys shave the models, or do they come to you that way? I prefer a big, fluffy bush to the prepubescent look that dominates adult fare these days.

On that note, a while back I saw a news item reporting that girls as young as 11 and 12 were having their pubes permanently removed. This is a sad thing. A full bush tickling my nose is a good thing. I'd love to see a replay of the model you dubbed the "hairiest woman alive" back in the day.

While I'm at it, I found a Canadian mag called *40 Something* and enjoyed seeing mature women in the buff. I noticed that some of these ladies had semen dripping from their pussies, making me wonder why I've never seen this in HUSTLER.

—Ron
Northern California

We don't have to ask our models to snip their pubes, because that's how most of them come to us. The hairless vagina is in vogue, although during our great shaved/unshaved debate, we have heard from numerous readers who prefer muffs.

PHOTO BY RON VOGEL

As requested by a reader, here's a peek at *Jungle Jill: Bush Baby*, a pictorial originally published in our March '78 edition.

Out-Foxed

You have done a great job of targeting the hypocrisies of the Right. Your occasional shots at Bill O'Reilly are more than well deserved.

But that's not the main reason I wanted to write this letter. While at the Minneapolis-St. Paul airport recently, I wandered into the Fox News Channel Newsstand, half-expecting to find wall-to-wall copies of Ann Coulter rants and an array of right-wing 'zines. Much to my surprise, the latest issue of HUSTLER was on sale. I

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1 HUSTLER 10.99

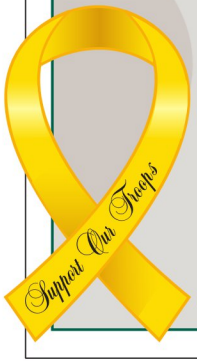
SUBTOTAL 10.99
TAX 0.71
AMT PAID 11.70
Cash 20.00
CHANGE DUE 8.30

THANK YOU

picked up a copy and saved the receipt for you.

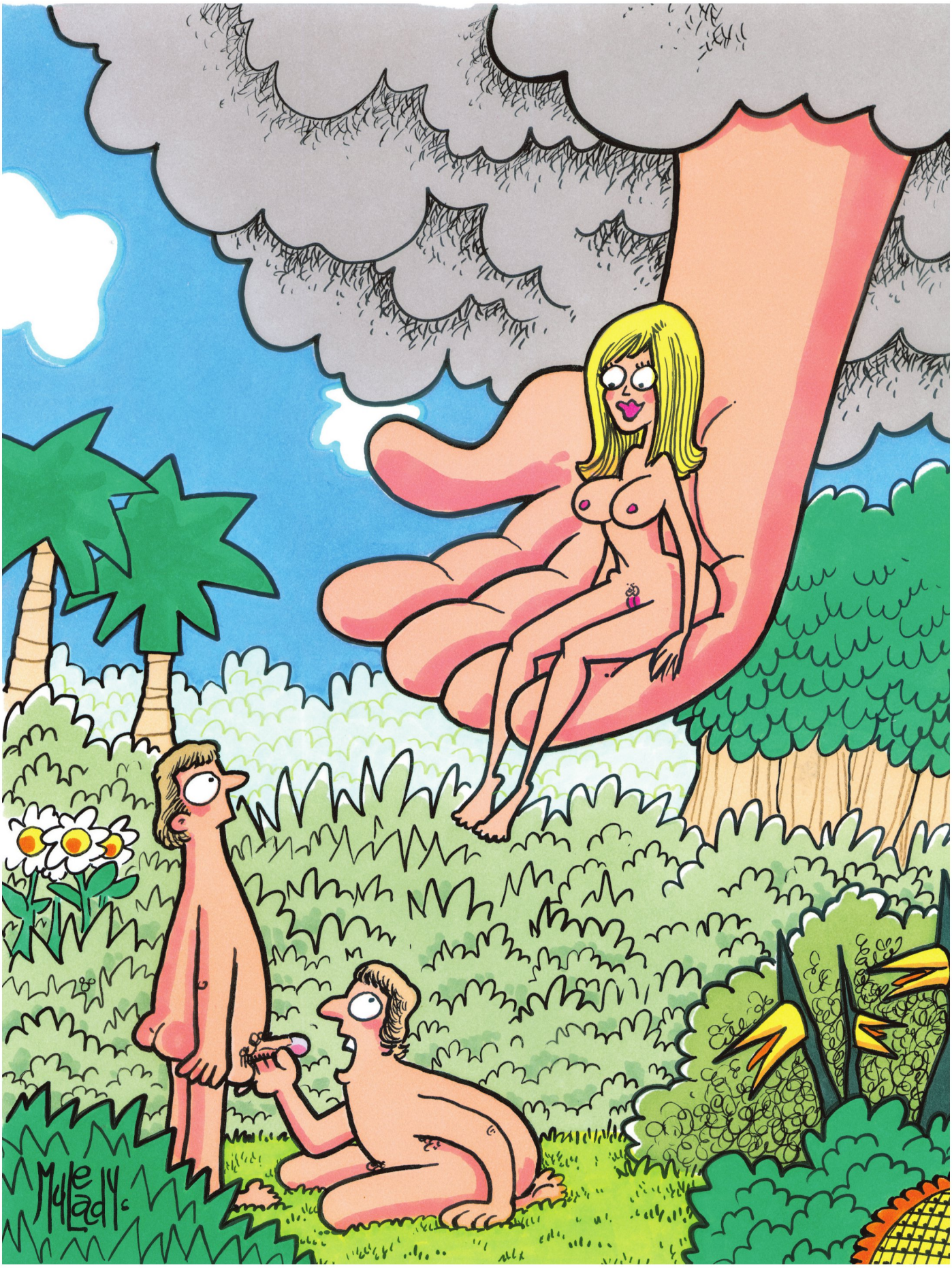
O'Reilly rants endlessly about pornography while insulting all true Americans with false claims of liberal ethical flexibility. While he talks trash against the free-speech protections that permit him to tell lies for a living, Fox News is making money by selling HUSTLER. Rupert Murdoch [*the conserv-*

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS



Thank you for the *Publisher's Statement* in the 2006 Holiday Issue ["The Obscenity of War"], in which Mr. Flynt urged "bring our troops home now!" It seems the longer this war in Iraq goes on, the more support the military loses. Then we return to the States, and people act like it's our fault that we were there. They don't realize we were just following orders.

My second reason for writing is because I'm a huge fan of HUSTLER. Just like HUSTLER supports the troops, the Marines from my outfit support HUSTLER. During some downtime, I got to watch *The Da Vinci Load*. What a great movie! I was ecstatic to see Haley Paige as the leading lady. She's so attractive. **—Corporal C., U.S. Marines, 3/4 Weapons Company, MAP 1**
Somewhere in Iraq



"Adam and Steve, there's been a change in plans!"

ative tycoon who owns Fox News] understands the value of free speech to his bottom line. The aggressively unfair and unbalanced news propaganda on O'Reilly's show is just pure hypocritical entertainment designed for the narrow-minded market.

Hypocrisy and propaganda seem to be part and parcel for Fox News. While Fox profits by saying one thing and doing another, walking your talk seems to be more the province of liberal guys like yourselves. Who would have thought it? Nobody watching Fox News, that's for sure. **—George Robertson**
Seattle, Washington

Although we are not on the same page as Fox News politically, we greatly appreciate that their newsstands stock HUSTLER.

Timothy McVeigh Postscript

I read with great interest your article *New Oklahoma City Bombing Evidence: Was There a Government Coverup?* (February '07). I must congratulate you for re-exploring this catastrophic event. Last year, Gloria Chipman—whose husband was killed in the 1995 blast—began to distribute copies of the rulings from Utah Federal Court Judge Dale Kimball [*stating that the FBI should turn over documents related to informants that were close to Timothy McVeigh prior to the bombing*].

I also congratulate Utah attorney Jesse Trentadue for his dedication in prying loose the facts [*about possible FBI foreknowledge*]. In his order from March '06, Judge Kimball wrote: "Plaintiff [*Trentadue*] claims that he has discovered that the FBI and the Southern Poverty Law Center (SPLC) had conducted a sting operation at a white supremacist compound in Oklahoma known as Elohim City," which was a paramilitary training camp visited by McVeigh. I took note of this in a post last year at BellaCiao.org [*an international political watchdog Web site*].

HUSTLER's article said that in 1993 McVeigh wrote to his sister that military intelligence agents had approached him about joining an elite squad of "government-paid assassins." The article also mentioned: "This seemingly delusional contention has never been explained."

The strange, shadowy world of espionage is a murky terrain of mirrors and illusions. I offer a speculative explanation: McVeigh's letter to his sister demonstrated that he was interested in working with the government in clandestine operations. Later he volunteered with the FBI to do exactly that—to infiltrate the bombing conspiracy group. But this was a deceit. His true loyalty was to the bombing plot.

I developed the idea of McVeigh as double agent in an article I posted on BellaCiao.org. This would explain why McVeigh was so confident on the day of the bombing that afterward he was driving down the highway with no license tag and carrying a gun.

He assumed that the FBI would offer him immunity as a reward for his fake cooperation. In an earlier BellaCiao post of January '06, I had expressed the suspicion that the bombing came about in the course of an attempted law-enforcement sting operation.
—Michael P. Wright
Norman, Oklahoma

Is Vinson Coming?

I love Christine Vinson! Do you have any plans to feature this beautiful goddess in HUSTLER? I'd love to see her spreading her legs wide open for all her adoring fans. A guy/girl pictorial or a lesbian lickfest would also be fantastic. Anyway, please keep the tasteless cartoons and jokes rolling. They're hilarious! **—J.W.**
Las Vegas, Nevada

Glad you like the humor, J.W. Sorry, but we have no current plans to showcase Christine Vinson.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

Mandy loves boating, the fresh air, the exercise, the orgasms....

The Real AMBIEN Story? It SHOULD keep you up at night.

Recently you may have read reports focusing on claims that our drug has many dangerous and as yet undetermined side effects. These include sleepwalking, nocturnal eating (including binges), sleep-driving (sometimes causing serious accidents) and even sleep sex. Most of these actions are said to occur without the knowledge of the people taking AMBIEN.

But let's look at the positive. AMBIEN helps you sleep. Simple, right? So what if you may end up naked in the middle of a street, fucking a homeless man and his dog after having killed several pedestrians with your car? At least you'll get a good night's sleep when it's over. Isn't that what's important?

SLEEP WELL...or at least try to.

About AMBIEN (zolpidem tartrate) CIV

AMBIEN is indicated for the short-term treatment of insomnia. There is a low (wink, wink) occurrence of side effects associated with the short-term use of AMBIEN. The most commonly observed side effects in controlled clinical trials (which are nothing like real life) were drowsiness, dizziness and diarrhea (a/k/a shitting your pants). When you first start taking AMBIEN, use caution in the morning when engaging in activities that require complete awareness—like walking, talking and breathing—until you know how you will react to this medication. In most instances, memory problems can be avoided if you take AMBIEN only when you are able to get a full night's sleep or if you forget and accidentally take it twice.

As with any sleep medication, do not use alcohol while you are taking AMBIEN, unless you want a really good buzz. Prescription sleep aids are often taken for seven to ten days—or longer if you can get your doctor to write you several prescriptions. All people taking sleep medicines have some risk of becoming zombies willing to believe anything and everything that the pharmaceutical companies tell them.

AMBIEN

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on the possible dangers of a sleep aid the pharmaceutical company sanofi-aventis is trying to pass off as perfectly safe. For more info check out **EarthTimes.org**. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Kenneth Adelman

Desperate to save face, discredited warmonger Kenneth Adelman now insists that Bush Administration post-invasion mistakes are to blame for the current catastrophe in Baghdad. Addle-brained Adelman is one of the neoconservative and Project for a New American Century (PNAC) "intellectuals" who beat the war drums for Bush's disastrous Iraq quagmire.

Adelman wrote in the February 13, 2002, *Washington Post* that "demolishing Hussein's military power and liberating Iraq would be a cakewalk." And just days before the March 2003 invasion, Adelman appeared on MSNBC's *Hardball* and denounced its opponents as "Chicken Littles."

Since the Republicans lost control of Congress, to save their necks, rats like Adelman have jumped the Bush ship of state double-time. Adelman frantically pled his case in media outlets like *Meet the Press* to rescue what's left of his miserable reputation—now deservedly in tatters. He told *Vanity Fair* that Bush's "national-security team…turned out to be among the most incompetent teams in the postwar era…they were deadly, dysfunctional."

Instead of having the decency and sense to admit he was wrong three-plus years into an unstoppable insurgency, this disgraced idiot savant defends the laughable buffoonery of his "cakewalk" comments. Worse, the neocon conman still insists that the Iraq invasion was the right thing even though it has turned into a colossal fiasco.

Adelman would have us believe that neoconservative "policy" was "absolutely right and noble," but Rumsfeld and Bush's bumbling execution of the neocons' brilliant plans turned Iraq into a hellhole.

No, Mr. Adelman: Iraq's woes are due to the invasion that scumbags like you enthusiastically endorsed in your cutthroat propaganda. Espousing lies, you advocated preemptive war against a country that hadn't attacked us. The most qualified weapons inspectors (many American) were over there, proving Iraq had no WMDs.

Saddam had no ties to 9/11 or al-Qaeda. Even worse, you fucking asshole, you thought the Iraqis would actually be grateful for being shocked, awed and invaded on false premises. It never occurred to mentally retarded you and other like-minded imbeciles that people might actually fight back against unprovoked attacks, occupation and getting bombed back to the Stone Age.

Hey, Kenneth "Nostradamus" Adelman, we remember your other harebrained predictions. On March 23, 2003—shortly after the war began—Adelman prognosticated in the *Washington Post*: "I have no doubt we're going to find big stores of weapons of mass destruction." (Wrong!) The PNAC knucklehead also scorned naysayers who contended that not enough troops were sent to conquer Iraq. (Wronger!) Again writing in the *Post*, Adelman declared: "Americans…now know we must wage a total war on terrorism"—a term used during World War II by another propaganda minister, Nazi Joseph Goebbels.

Like most neocons, Adelman is a chicken hawk. Although an Assistant to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld from 1975 to '77 and a Defense Policy Board member, Adelman never served in the military. He was too busy pursuing a Georgetown University Ph.D. to fight in Vietnam. We guess that (like fellow draft dodger Dick Cheney), Adelman "had other priorities."

The next time bloodthirsty civilians send minority and working-class Americans to do their dirty work in Third World countries, they should deploy themselves to the front lines. Fight your own battles, you fucking war wimps!

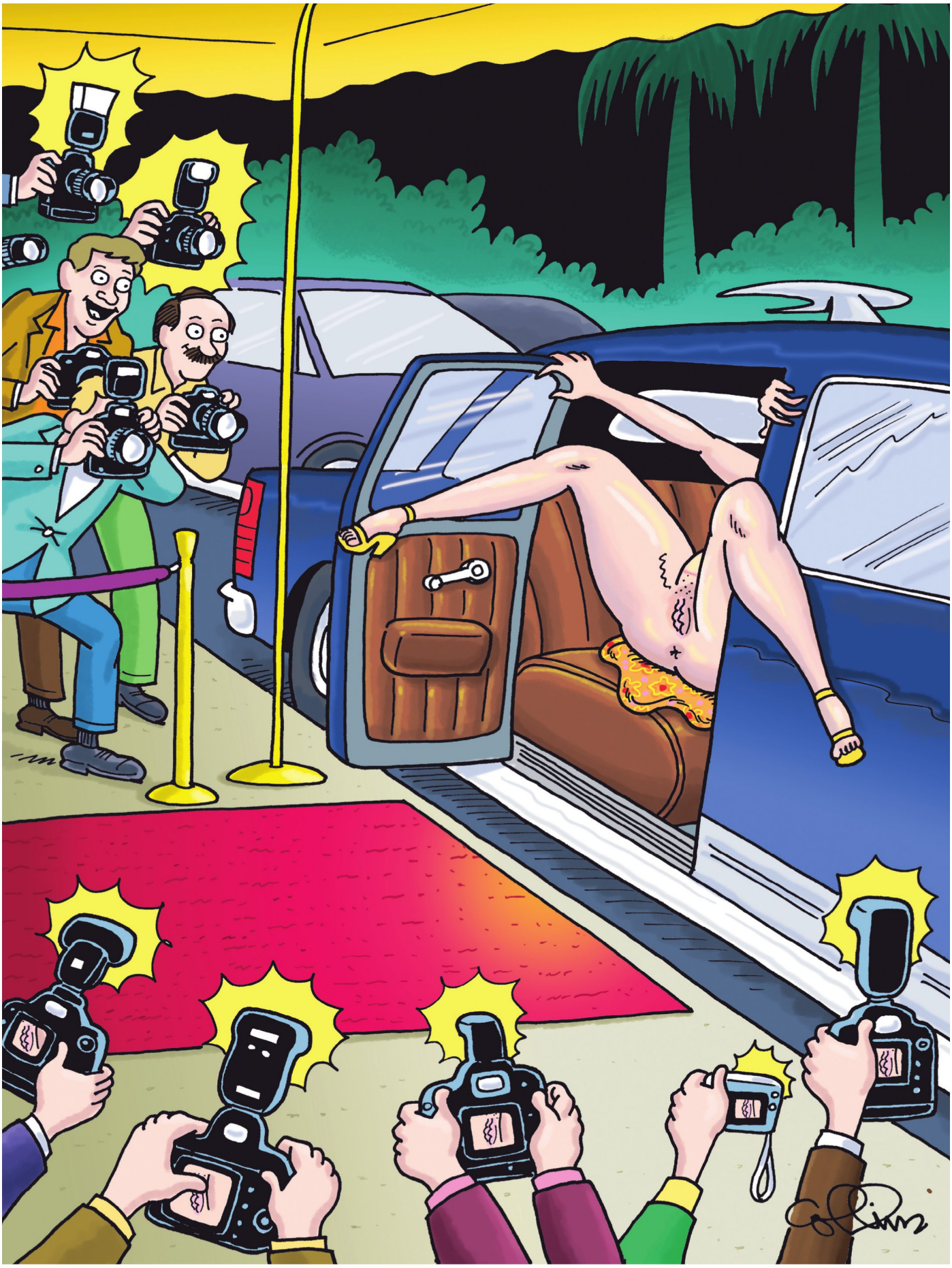
Adelman may fancy himself an "intellectual," but his IQ seems lower than the banjo strummer's in *Deliverance*. He poses as a wise man, but is more like a Mafioso wise guy. Adelman and his fellow Kool-Aid-drinking think tank pundits have tanked.

Instead of cakewalking, Adelman should do a perp walk…straight to a Nuremberg-type tribunal for crimes against humanity. Last year, Senator Carl Levin (D-Michigan) lamented, "We can't save the Iraqis from themselves." But we *can* save Iraqis—and Americans—from Kenneth Adelman and assholes like him.

Farts in the Wind

Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet's death put **Henry Kissinger** back into the news. As President Nixon's National Security Advisor and Secretary of State, Kissinger was instrumental in the mass murder of millions in Indochina, East Timor, Latin America and elsewhere. He also backed General Pinochet's overthrow of Chile's democratically elected president, Salvador Allende. This bloody coup caused the "disappearances" of thousands of Chileans and of U.S. journalist Charles Horman. In 1976 American Ronni Karpen Moffitt and exiled Chilean diplomat Orlando Letelier were killed in a Washington, D.C., car bombing; some have implicated Kissinger in that crime. Finally, the long arm of the law has reached out for this serial human rights abuser, forcing him to curtail planned trips to France, Argentina, Brazil, Chile, etc. In 2001 the sons of Chile's commander in chief, who was assassinated in 1970, filed suit against Dr. Kissinger. Let's hope this aging Dr. Strangelove lives long enough for justice to be served.

Former KKK Imperial Wizard **David Duke** sank to a new low when he recently attended a Holocaust-denial conference in Tehran. According to Iran's Foreign Ministry, Duke proclaimed that concentration camp gas chambers in which millions perished during World War II didn't exist. NPR reported that Duke, founder of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, also stated: "In Europe you can ridicule and criticize and deny Jesus Christ…and…Mohammed…[P]ut out the rankest kinds of pornography…but if you simply have an intellectual view and…contest…the official Holocaust story…then you can go to prison." In 2002 Duke—a former Louisiana GOP state representative and *goober*-natorial, Senate and Presidential candidate—was imprisoned for tax evasion and fraud. Mr. Duke: Racism, not porn, is obscene.



"I heard Britney's been taking lessons from Paris."

"The difference between being in a relationship and being in prison is that in prison they let you play softball on the weekends."—Bobby Kelton, Comedian

Left: Liz Flynt leads the cheers for Larry, whose well-wishers included brother Jimmy Flynt, Vidette Labue and nephew Dustin Flynt (above) and daughter Theresa (below).

BIRTHDAY BOY

CONGRATS TO LARRY FLYNT on his 64th birthday! Our boss celebrated the occasion at one of his favorite L.A. eateries, The Palm, surrounded by his closest friends and family members, including wife Liz, brother Jimmy and daughter Theresa.

Racial Humor?

Michael Richards is...Ku Klux Kramer

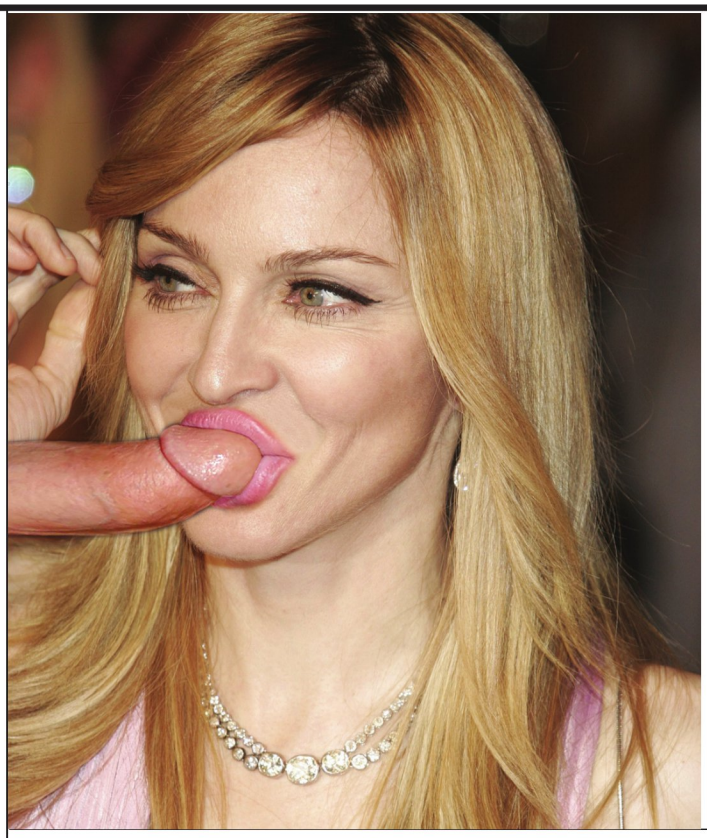
Come on, Michael, you know that repeatedly saying the *N* word in front of an audience is racist and wrong. That is, unless you're Chris Rock, Dave Chappelle or any other African-American comedian. Then it's *funny!*

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real photo. It is just social commentary on the onetime *Seinfeld* comic's racial outburst at the Laugh Factory in Hollywood.

Thanks and $150 go to J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this "finger-licking-good" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Sex Tips

#1: Shaving your back makes you a man. Shaving your balls makes you a bitch.



CELEBRITY FANTASY

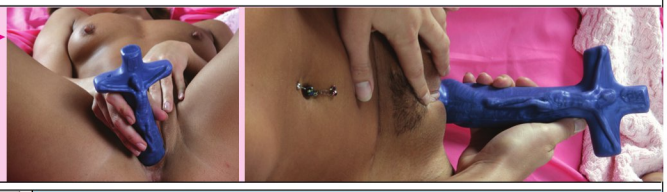
WHAT WOULD MADONNA LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

We can't believe we haven't done this already! Although Madonna is no longer the hot piece of ass she once was, we have to admit we'd still do the Kabbalah spokeswoman and mother of three. Plus, there is nothing better than an older, experienced chick.

DISCLAIMER: Parody picture; no such picture of Madonna actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. It is a federal offense to masturbate to this image.

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!

THIS NEW SEX TOY called the **Jackhammer Jesus** may have your girlfriend screaming "O God! O God!" For one helluva time, check out Divine-Interventions.com.

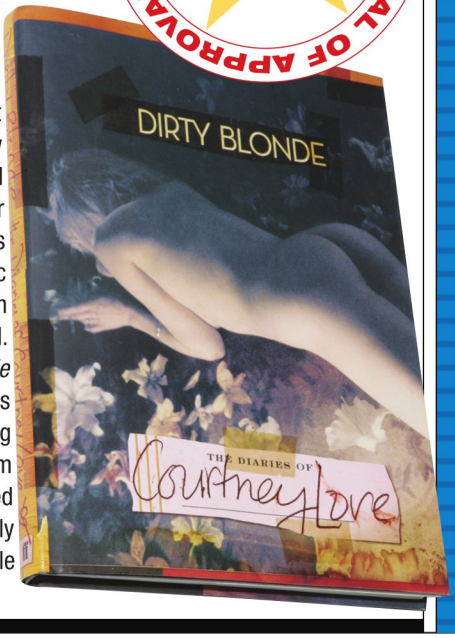


HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Dirty Blonde: The Diaries of Courtney Love

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

Whatever you think of Courtney Love, you can't deny she's interesting. In this, her first-ever book, the former Mrs. Kurt Cobain tells her story in all its raw and intense glory. From her troubled childhood in which she yearned for stardom, to fame as a rock goddess and actress to her husband's tragic demise and the tabloid backlash that followed, nothing is left untold. A veritable scrapbook, *Dirty Blonde* is filled with reproductions of pages from Love's private journals, along with personal photos and notes from her very public life. You'll be riveted by this candid, honest and highly entertaining confessional. Available at bookstores everywhere.



NEWS BABES

LAS VEGAS BOASTS countless beautiful women, so it seems only natural that a hottie like Shelly Bruner would be a local news anchor. Brought to our attention by reader S.C., Shelly shows her massive talents on Sin City's Fox 5 (KVVU).

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to: HUSTLER "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

Oral B

Well, at least we know she has minty-fresh breath. A Romanian teenager had to be rushed to a hospital recently after accidentally swallowing a toothbrush. You're probably wondering how the hell something that big slid down her gullet, and it's really quite simple. Still an oral virgin, but hoping to impress a lucky dude with her fellatio talents, the girl was practicing deep-throating techniques she had seen in an extreme porn video when the substitute penis slipped out of her fingers. Doctors say they may have to surgically remove the toothbrush if it doesn't "pass naturally." We just hope this incident doesn't scare the victim away from oral sex. Remember, ladies, practice makes perfect!

My Dad's Nuts

An Argentine man has gone to court to fight for something he truly believes in—the chance to have his balls snipped. Sick of fathering children and with vasectomies illegal in his country, the fellow desperately wants to go under the knife. Says the seed-spreading Romeo, who at last count has already helped bring 37 kids into the world, "When I fall in love, I can't control myself." We don't think getting the snip is a bad idea; we just wonder why he waited so long to want to do it.

What An Ass

When police came upon a naked man sitting on a tree stump in El Cerrito, California, they expected to bust him for indecent exposure. Little did they know that the suspect was more menacing than he first appeared. When the cops asked the 33-year-old "nature lover" (who turned out to be a recent parolee) if he was carrying anything they should know about, he removed from his rectum a six-inch metal awl wrapped in black electrical tape. The nude dude will probably be returning to prison, as possession of a deadly weapon is a felony, even if you keep it in your ass.

Man, Oh Man

Like every other divorced husband obligated to pay alimony, a peeved Florida resident is fighting to get the decision overturned. Unlike most guys in that predicament, he has to fork over money to another man! Seems that in the 18 months since the couple's divorce, the wife underwent a sex-change operation. Look, there is no shame in the fact that your old lady left you and decided to switch sexes, but paying alimony to a guy does make you seem kind of gay.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

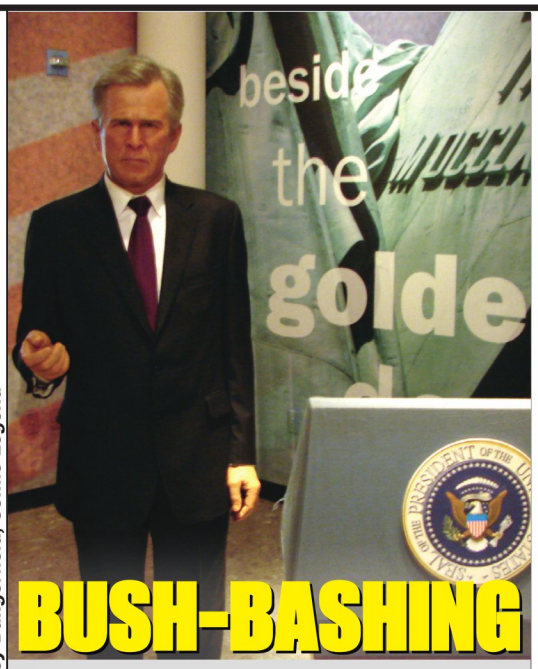
We'd like to think that she would much rather be mounting us than that bald-headed sissy. That's what we would *like* to think. Thanks to Calvin Klein for supplying us with this month's found porn.

COVERGIRL

Congrats to Theresa Flynt for gracing the cover of *AVN Online* magazine. She was profiled in a story about the adult industry's new female power brokers.

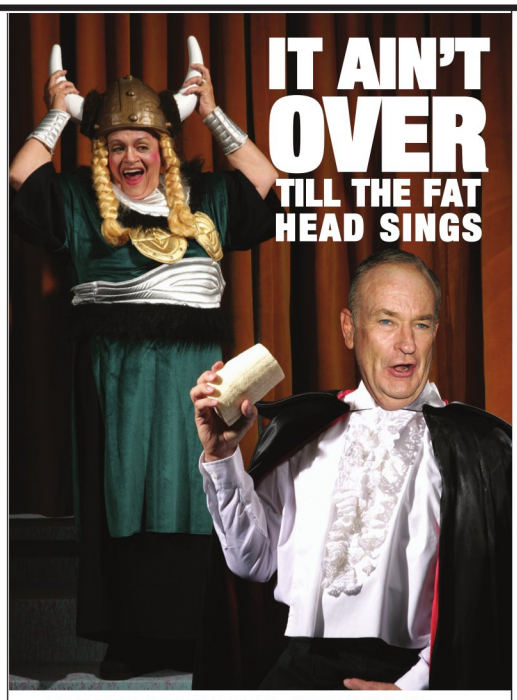
AVN ONLINE
POWER BROKER
Theresa Flynt Epitomizes the Industry's Powerful New Female Executive
KATIE FEY | 10 YEARS OF DANNI | QWEBEC EXPO | WANTEDLIST STEPS OUT | APGOOD Q&A

"Marriage is a great institution, but I'm not ready for an institution."—Mae West, Hollywood Legend



BUSH-BASHING

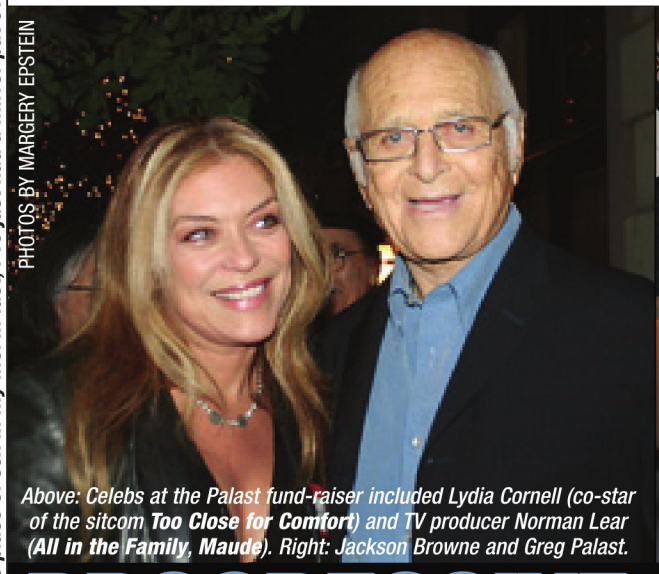
Sounds like a conspiracy theory in the making. The George W. Bush figure at Madame Tussauds in Las Vegas took a tumble that caused around $25,000 worth of damage to the head. By press time, no one had been arrested in connection with the possible vandalism because it had not been determined if Bush's likeness fell or was pushed. Unlike the American public, which was definitely pushed into the war in Iraq.

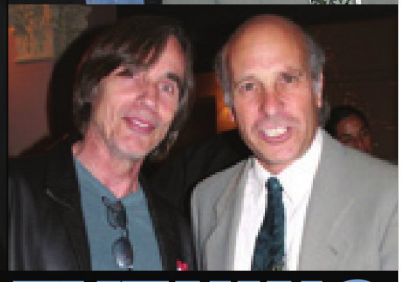


IT AIN'T OVER TILL THE FAT HEAD SINGS

INEVITABLY, THE SEXUAL-HARASSMENT lawsuit involving Bill O'Reilly and his former Fox News producer Andrea Mackris was fodder for jokes, but we never imagined it would inspire a musical opus. The entire scandal, including O'Reilly asking his female colleague to insert a "falafel" into her pussy, has now been transformed into a neo-baroque oratorio by saxophonist Igor Keller and titled *Mackris v. O'Reilly*.

PHOTOS BY MARGERY EPSTEIN





*Above: Celebs at the Palast fund-raiser included Lydia Cornell (co-star of the sitcom **Too Close for Comfort**) and TV producer Norman Lear (**All in the Family**, **Maude**). Right: Jackson Browne and Greg Palast.*

PROGRESSIVE EVENING

BBC INVESTIGATIVE reporter and frequent HUSTLER contributor Greg Palast was the guest of honor as Hollywood progressives gathered for a lavish fund-raiser at the mansion of Code Pink founder Jodie Evans and venture capitalist Max Palevsky. "We're ending up with an apartheid voting system," Palast proclaimed as he stood beside his hosts' palm-fringed pool. He also announced that "Karl Rove and Tom DeLay have glitches planned for the 2008 election, and I want to start investigating now." (Palast provides details in a report beginning on page 38.)

About 100 people (including a number of celebrities) turned out, donating at least $300 each to help Palast continue delivering his hard-hitting exposés. To find out more, or to make a tax-deductible contribution to the nonprofit, visit PalastInvestigativeFund.org. *Armed Madhouse: How the Bush Posse Stole Your Vote, Snatched Iraq, and Cashed Your Paycheck* will soon be available in paperback.

"I'm at the age when food has taken the place of sex in my life. In fact, I've just had a mirror put over my kitchen table." —Rodney Dangerfield, Comic Legend

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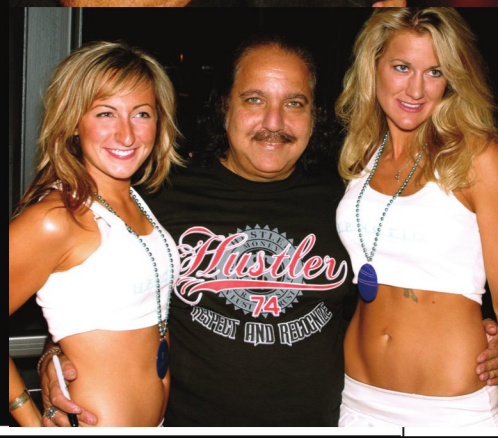
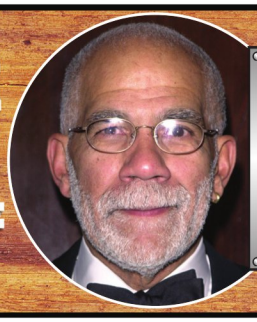
OPEN FOR BUSINESS

In its perpetual quest for total retail domination, HUSTLER Hollywood has opened yet another sex emporium, this time in Tacoma, Washington. Contract star Memphis Monroe (left), Jimmy Flynt II and porn legend Ron Jeremy were on hand to celebrate the big occasion. Look for a HUSTLER Hollywood store coming to your town soon!

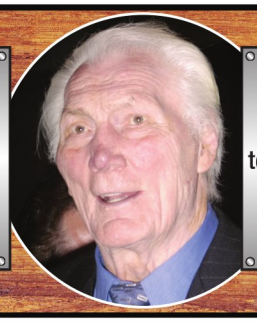


HUSTLER WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.



ED BRADLEY
His 60 Minutes are up.

JANE WYMAN
Father Knows Best; Mother Knows Death.



Jack Palance
Currently teaching Jesus how to do one-armed pushups.

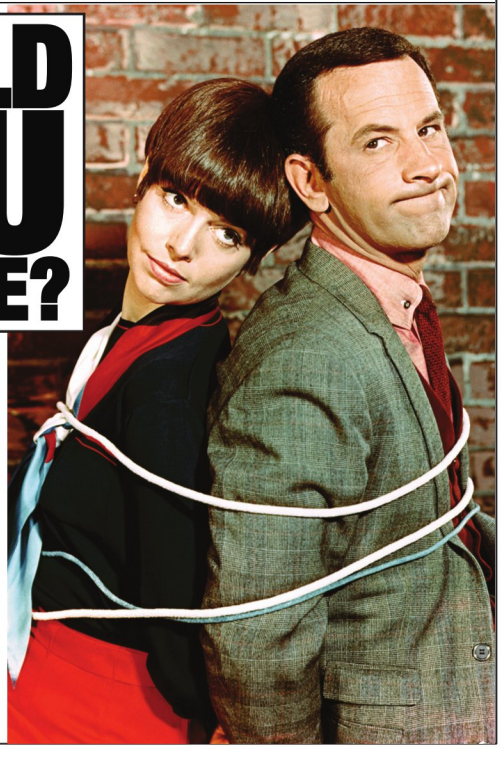
Sign of the Times

A CLUB PACKED WITH fully nude strippers? Yep, that's the only Bush we'll ever support. Thanks to A.G. for sending us this doozy.

Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE?

WE RAISE THE Cone of Silence to let you know that *Get Smart*, one of America's funniest TV shows of all time, is finally on DVD. Every episode of the '60s sitcom (starring the late comic genius Don Adams) has been packaged in a megaset, but each of the show's five seasons is also available separately.



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REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

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You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

GOING WITH THE FLOW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

CASEY PARKER

Ever wonder why a young girl-next-door would pack up and hightail it to the West Coast to do XXX videos? For Midwesterner **Casey Parker**, it was a nympho's dream-come-true. "I had seen a lot of adult films," the pint-size newbie tells us, "and it looked liked fun. Plus they turned me on. I think to a certain extent I was bored and needed some excitement in my life. So I wrote a letter to Shane's World, and they signed me to do some films. I flew out and decided being a porn starlet was for me."

Now **Casey** is also getting exposure as a nude model. "This is my first layout," she says, "and I'm so excited because HUSTLER is such a great magazine. The photo-shoot was so much fun. I laughed and joked around the whole time. I loved posing for you guys!"

What does this naughty young lady look for in a dude? "I'm not a girlie girl," **Casey** asserts, "but I love when a man is a gentleman and opens a door for me. He has to be confident, but not cocky. Plus, he has to like sex—a lot! I need it every day at least once. My record is eight times in a day. Oh, and it really turns me on to have my hair pulled. I like girls, too. I actually had a serious girlfriend for six months. Right now I'm just kind of single and looking to play the field. I'll go home with a guy or a girl, depending on my mood that day."

When not working, **Casey** has easily assimilated to life in sunny Southern California. "I love to surf, play soccer—basically anything that gets me sweaty," she chirps. "I also love to write and am working on a book right now about my life and the crazy world of porn I've stepped into." Does **Casey** want to be a novelist someday? "I don't know what will happen in the future," she coos. "I just sort of go with the flow."

CASEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: "Somewhere in the Midwest!"
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Taurus
HEIGHT: 5-1
WEIGHT: 105
MEASUREMENTS: "34A, but I don't know the rest!"

PASSIONATE DELUGE

I TOOK A SWIG OF BRANDY AND HANDED the bottle to Amy, who drizzled the sticky liquid all over my fuck-set. Then she slowly, lovingly lapped it up. My wife adores a stiff beverage and making my cock stiff, and she loves combining the two, especially on cold, stormy nights like this one.

In my 29 years I had never met quite so talented a cocksucker as Amy. Closing my eyes, I got lost in the feel of her tongue slapping my shaft. I relished the sensation of her lips closing around my nut sac—her gentle, rhythmic suckling.

Things were moving much too fast, so I opened my eyes and searched the cabin for a distraction to take my mind off Amy's incredible blowjob. That's when I noticed that Mark and Rachel (not their real names) were naked and fucking in front of the fireplace.

Living two miles down the lakeshore road, Mark and Rachel were our closest neighbors. The storm blew in yesterday, and after 24 hours of torrential rain, high winds and frequent power outages, the couple stopped by to check up on us only to discover they couldn't make it home again. The 70-m.p.h. gusts had toppled a mammoth spruce across the road. That's when we broke out the first bottle of brandy, now a dead soldier.

The wind was howling, and a branch kept rattling the front windowpane, setting up a *tap-tap-tap* our stranded neighbors seemed to be fucking to. Rachel, a twentysomething ash blonde, was riding her hubby hard, her huge melons bouncing all over the place. Her plump, meaty cunt lips clung to his thick cock on every upstroke, and on every downstroke she let out a barely audible sigh.

Watching the oblivious couple going at it was doing absolutely nothing to delay my climax. Amy must have sensed this, because she wrapped a hand tight around the base of my boner and abruptly stopped sucking. But I wasn't worried. She'll bring me to the peak several times before allowing me to come. It drives me crazy, but when I finally erupt—fuck!—the orgasm is so powerful and all-consuming that I see stars. There have been times I've almost blacked out!

So Amy and I each took another pull or two off the brandy bottle and eyed the lovebirds. I'd had no idea that our normally sedate, somewhat boring neighbors were so uninhibited, so flexible. Rachel was now on her back, with her legs thrown all the way over her shoulders so that her feet touched the floor behind her.

Meanwhile, her husband's tongue was as relentless as the storm outside. Mark lapped from pink rosebud to jutting clit over and over again till his moaning wife was slapping his ass. Then, in one smooth move, he was on top of her, lunging his pecker balls deep into her quim. Damn, they sure as hell weren't boring now! Amy and I looked at each other, impressed.

Not to be outdone, my wife led me closer to the rutting couple and knelt behind me. I grabbed the edge of a table for balance as she spread my butt cheeks wide and dicked her taster into my browneye! No preliminary licking, just straight in and out, in and out, each jab making my prick bob.

I was tempted to start jacking, but I held back. My patience was rewarded when Amy reached around with both hands to double-fist my hard-on. And still she kept nuzzling my asshole. As her tongue stabbed my bung, her fists jacked down my shaft toward the base. Talk about sensory overload! Just a few feet away from us, booby Rachel was now straddling Mark, sliding up and down his pole as the duo moaned deliriously.

There was no way I could hold back this time. Suddenly, I had a brilliant idea. Backing away from the table, I aimed my shooter at our horny neighbors. It was beautiful—watching my jism arc through the air and splatter Rachel's jiggling tits. One especially well-aimed stream hit her right in the face!

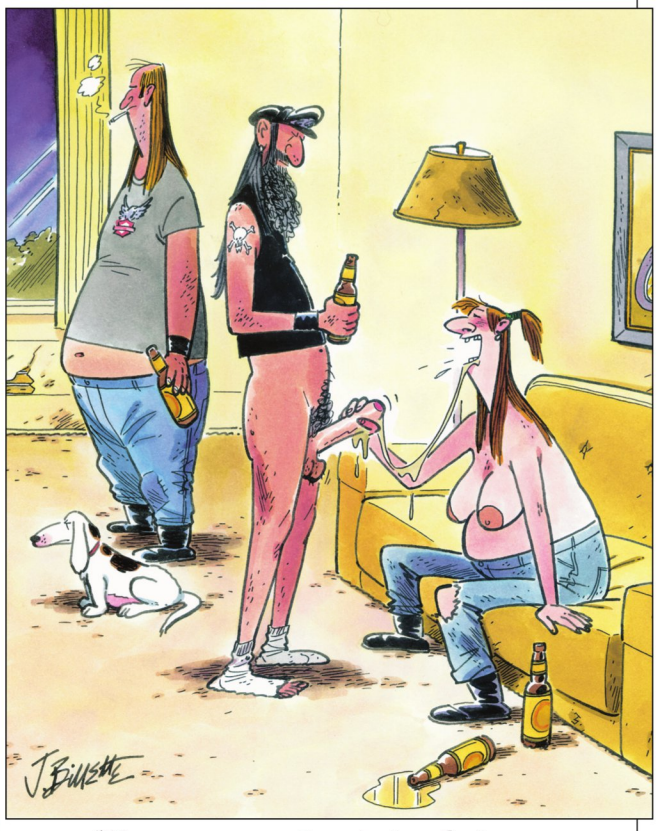
Like a chain reaction, my unleashed load seemed to trigger the other couple's almost-simultaneous climaxes. Soon we were all slumping to the floor, exhausted. Except for Amy, who crawled over to Rachel and started licking her clean. I love storms. —C.D.

COOS BAY, OREGON

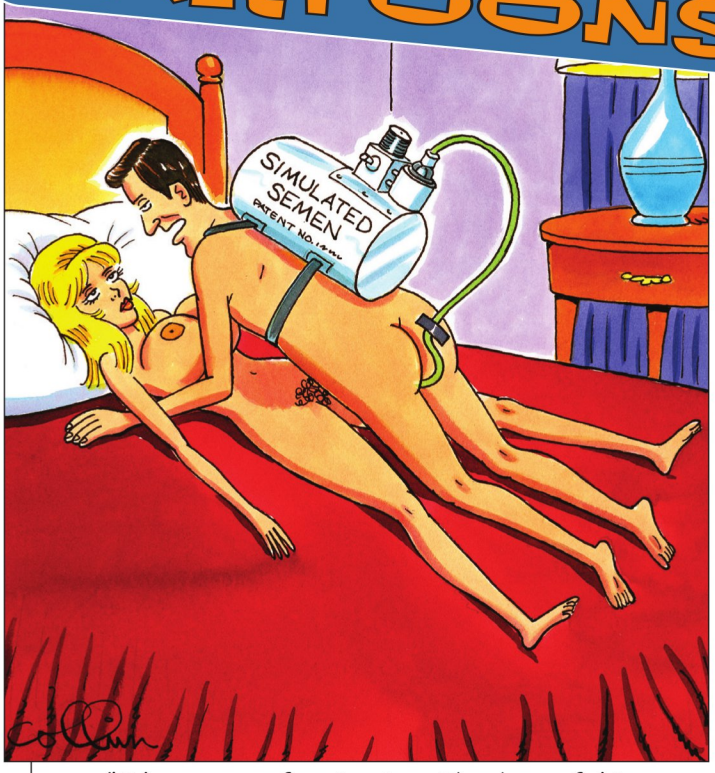
"Sorry I came in your mouth, dear. I thought you were someone else!"

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

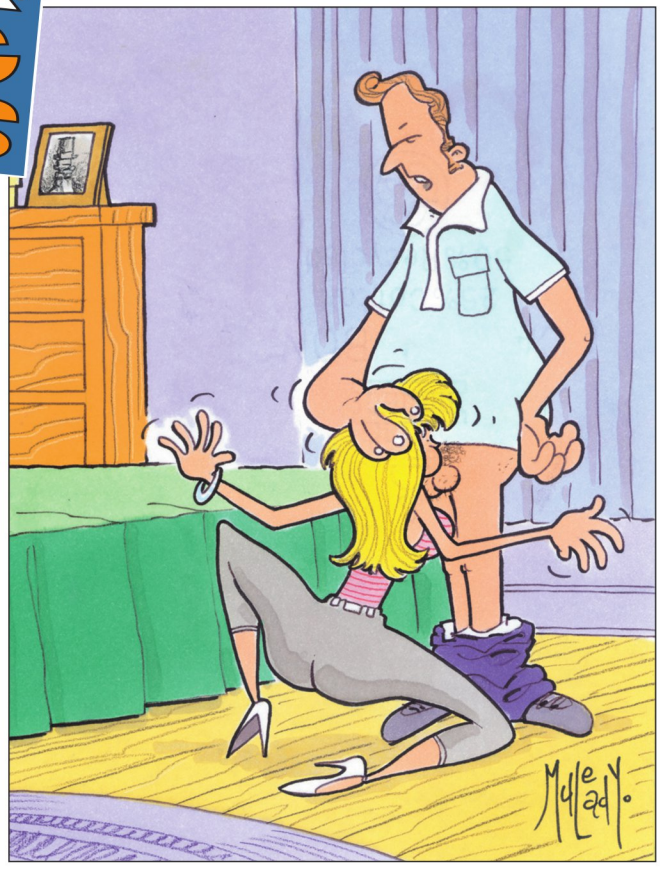
HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Mmm, yummy, Roy. Lots of ripe dick cheese!"



"I have a confession too. I've been faking *my* orgasms!"



"So you're on your period? That's why the good Lord gave you a mouth!"

2006's ELECTORAL GLITCHES AND HOW THE GOP PLANS TO STEAL '08

OUR MAN **GREG PALAST** INVESTIGATES MORE SKULLDUGGERY AT THE POLLS

FLORIDA CONGRESSWOMAN KATHERINE HARRIS once called me "twisted." Well, Kate, after squeezing through the skewed, contorted sewage pipes of the voting system in your district—Florida's 13th Congressional—I have to agree that I'm a bit bent out of shape—as twisted as the vote-counting system in Sarasota, your home county.

On November 7, 2006, in last year's midterm elections, 17,846 voters in Sarasota drove to the polls, waited in line, then cast their vote for…nobody. At least that's what the computers said. That's one in six voters who—say the official computer printouts—simply did not make a choice in the hottest Congressional race in the nation, the one to pick a replacement for Harris. (She left the job to run for Senate.)

That's how the Republican Party kept hold of Harris's seat in Congress, by a dinky 369 votes—not counting those 17,846 "blank" ballots.

And there's no way to count those votes, is there, Kate? Because, for the first time in Sarasota's history, all voting was done on touch-screen computers. So it's physically impossible to check those supposedly blank ballots: They're floating lost in cyberspace. Forever.

Funny thing about those 17,846 people who waited in line not to vote: Most of them were Democrats. I'm not guessing about that. The 52 precincts in Sarasota with the highest number of Democratic voters were the 52 precincts with the highest number of lost votes.

Nevertheless, a government panel certified the Sarasota election as fair and free of technical problems. The panel was headed by Governor Jeb Bush.

NIGHT OF THE UNCOUNTED 3.6 MILLION MISSING VOTES

So big deal. One fixed race out of hundreds. Here's the big deal: The 17,000 "blank" ballots in Sarasota were part of an avalanche of blank ballots cast across the USA.

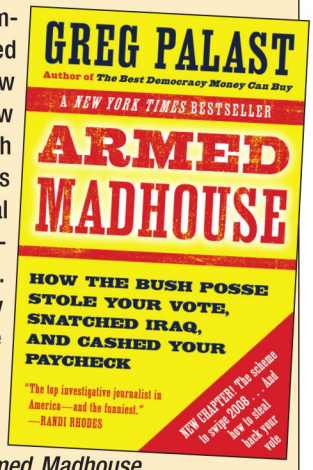
A little-known fact about that stinky sausage called American democracy: On every Election Day there's a whole lot of ballots that just aren't counted. Millions, in fact. In the 2004 race between George W. Bush and John Kerry, a mind-blowing 3,600,080 ballots were cast—and never tallied.

That's not a figure that dropped from a black helicopter. It comes from the raw data buried at the federal Elections Assistance Commission. They're still toting up the AWOL ballots from the 2006 midterms—and it's looking like another 3 million ballots just went *ffftt!*

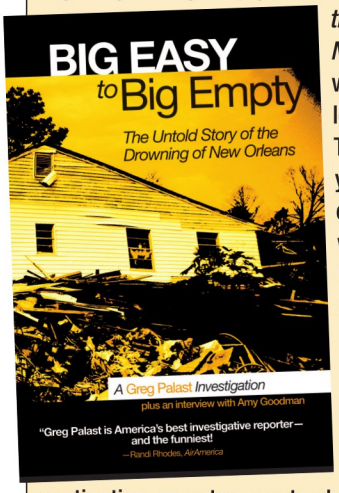
ILLUSTRATIONS BY WINSTON SMITH

"ARMED" AND DANGEROUS

The paperback edition of Greg Palast's *New York Times* bestseller *Armed Madhouse* will soon hit the streets. In it, you'll find the no-shit info on the landlords of the planet, completely updated with entirely new chapters on how the weasels with little soft hands are going to steal the 2008 election, and more. Robert Kennedy Jr. says, "The story is like a spy thriller." Even the *New Yorker* admits that "*Armed Madhouse* is great fun." The new edition includes a bunch of crazy-ass illustrations by underground artist Winston Smith.


GREG PALAST
Author of The Best Democracy Money Can Buy
A NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
ARMED MADHOUSE
HOW THE BUSH POSSE STOLE YOUR VOTE, SNATCHED IRAQ, AND CASHED YOUR PAYCHECK
"The top investigative journalist in America—and the funniest."
—RANDI RHODES
NEW CHAPTERS! The schemes to swipe 2008 . . . And how to steal back your vote

In addition, Palast's hard-hitting documentary *Big Easy to Big Empty: The Untold Story of the Drowning of New Orleans* will soon be released on DVD. This is a story you won't get on CNN. Palast was busted by Homeland Security for breaking anti-terror laws while making this film—no kidding. The investigative reporter went where he wasn't supposed to go, showing you what you're not supposed to know: Like how the White House knew the levees were about to burst—but didn't tell the state police. The *Chicago Tribune* says, "Palast's stories bite. They're so relevant, they threaten to alter history." Check out clips at GregPalast.com.


BIG EASY to Big Empty
The Untold Story of the Drowning of New Orleans
A Greg Palast Investigation
plus an interview with Amy Goodman
"Greg Palast is America's best investigative reporter—and the funniest!"
—Randi Rhodes, AirAmerica

So big deal. With roughly a hundred million voting nationwide, that's only 3% or 4%. You expect those kinds of "glitches." But not everyone's ballot gets "glitched" the same.

According to a study by the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, the chance your ballot will "spoil" if you're black is 900% higher than if you're a white voter. Hispanics are 500% more likely to get "glitched" than whites.

It makes a difference. In last year's midterms, 69% of Hispanic voters chose Democrats, as did 91% of African-Americans. Do the racial arithmetic, and we can calculate that ballots sent to the Bermuda Triangle and other voting games cost the Democrats no less than five Congressional seats in the 2006 midterm elections in Florida, Wyoming, Ohio and New Mexico—where an astonishing 88% of votes uncounted were cast in Hispanic, black and Native-American precincts.

(While uncounted ballots cost Democrats some seats in the House of Representatives in 2006, the "no count" cost them the White House in 2004. George Bush's supposed "victory" margin over John Kerry in New Mexico that year—just 5,988 votes—was a spit in the bucket compared to the 31,000 uncounted ballots that came, almost exclusively, from heavily Democratic precincts. Bush took Ohio and Iowa as well via suspiciously blank ballots.)

So big deal. That's history, and the Democrats still took Congress last year. This is the big deal: The Republican Party leadership—aided by a few Democratic quislings—is quietly, systematically, pumping up the no-count machinery for next year's battle for the White House.

THE UNCLE WIGGILY STRATEGY FOR 2008

In the bad old days of Jim Crow segregation, some yahoo politicians stood in the polling station doorways to block voters of color. Now the game is a lot more subtle: a series of obstacles to voting that will shave a few percentage points here and there, which Republicans believe will give them back the Congress and paint the White House a bright GOP red.

It's a one, two, three combo of monkeying with registration rolls, playing games with the voting machinery and preventing recounts of questionable totals. At each step—registering, voting, counting—there's a new obstacle, like the old kids game, Uncle Wiggily.

THE REGISTRATION OBSTACLE COURSE

Registering used to be simple. Sign your name on a card and show up to vote. Now, fuggedaboutit. On January 1, 2006, a new law slipped onto the books by the Republican Congress allows secretaries of state, those partisan hacks who run voting in most states, to reject a registration applicant when they can't verify the voter's identity and citizenship.

Sounds reasonable, but it's not—it's a trick, a con, a cheat. In the run-up to the 2006 election, no less than 1.9 million Americans had their registrations flushed. Why? According to Arizona legislator Russell Pearce, one of the GOP's pointmen in their block-the-vote drive, these new laws prevent "a massive effort under way to register illegal aliens in the country."

Really? Holy cow! A conspiracy to flood the voter rolls with the Brown Hordes of Juarez who've swum across the Rio Grande just for a chance to vote for Hillary Clinton!

Well, if these nearly 2 million rejected voters are illegals, then bust them, Sheriff Pearce! It should be easy to arrest alien voters—after all, their registrations include their addresses.

What's going on here is a systematic blockade of the voter rolls, aimed at undoing registration drives among the 7 million Hispanic citizens who are not on voter rolls and other poor folk signed up in campaigns by black churches.

Citizens who produce a passport have no problem registering or voting, but only 23% of Americans have them. Driver's licenses usually don't count because they don't prove citizenship. The Social Security Administration has failed to verify nearly half (46%) of the names sent to Washington because of computer problems—which the Bush team has no intention of fixing.

The Republican Secretary of State of California, for example, threw out 40% of the thousands of registration forms received in early 2006. Los Angeles County officials, in a rare move to protect citizen rights, laboriously hand-checked each voter's identity, most of them Hispanic, and returned virtually every single rejected voter to the roll. But elsewhere in America it goes like this: Bring in your passport from your ski trip in the Alps, and you vote; bring in your Social Security card, and it's tough luck, José!

THE BLOCKADE KING

The Blockade King of 2006 was the madly partisan Secretary of State of Ohio, Kenneth Blackwell. Blackwell, despite lawsuits, refused to say how many registrants he had rejected—or on what grounds. On November 7, 2006, Blackwell's secretive voter-roll game paid off, saving the Congressional seats of two Republicans—in Columbus and Cincinnati—despite the will of the voters.

Here's how it worked. Many rejected citizens, believing they were registered, showed

up, showed ID—and were turned away. If they bitched, they were allowed to vote on something called a "provisional ballot." Then, per rules set down by Blackwell, every one of these provisional ballots was thrown out. The provisional ballots tossed were twice the sum of the Republican "victory" margins.

What the hell are these "provisional" ballots, anyway? It used to be that a ballot was a ballot. Then, in 2002, President Bush signed the Help America Vote Act. When George Bush says he's going to "help" us vote, I get a bit worried. And there was a lot to worry about.

Provisional ballots, for example. They sound like a good idea: If a voter can't find his name on the rolls, he can still vote, "provisionally," until his status is checked after the polls close. One problem: The HAVA law says every voter has a right to demand a provisional ballot—but not the right to have that vote count. That's left up to secretaries of state like Katherine Harris and Kenneth Blackwell.

In 2004 an eye-popping 3 million voters were shunted to provisional ballots—and over 1 million of these were thrown out as it suited these political hacks (see Ohio above). Did it make a difference? In Hamilton County (Cincinnati), where Republicans officially kept a Congressional seat by a dime-thin margin, investigators found that 95% of provisional ballots rejected came from urban, Democratic precincts of Cincinnati, only a smidgen from the white, Republican 'burbs. This suspiciously biased pattern was repeated across the nation.

The nationwide sweep of Democratic candidates may make vote heists a wee bit more difficult for the GOP. In Ohio, maniacally partisan Republican Blackwell—with his secret lists of rejected registrants—will be replaced by a Democrat, Jennifer Brunner. Though in Colorado, a battleground state for 2008, the Republicans kept hold of the Secretary of State's office by less than 1 percent of a vote marred by a massive and suspect breakdown in the computer voting equipment. But while there are more good-government secretaries of state taking office, they all will work under the whip-hand of the Help America Vote Act. There's no chance for a Democratic Congress, with its skinny majority, to overturn this measure. The 2008 race bodes to be the most polluted in decades.

THE BAGHDAD BLACKOUT

How did millions of voters get dumped in the "provisional" pile in the first place? After Bush signed HAVA, the GOP began secretly compiling what they called "caging lists": hundreds of thousands of mainly black new voters to challenge on Election Day. When challenged, the voter got the heave-ho from the polling station or was handed a bogus "provisional" ballot.

Don't all parties do that: challenge voters en masse? Absolutely not. Democrats stopped that game in 1965 after it became illegal to challenge a racially chosen group of voters.

How do I know about the GOP's secret lists? I have a bunch. Someone at the Republican National Committee mistakenly sent these to GeorgeWBush.org instead of the party's Web site for its honchos, GeorgeWBush.com. Uh, oh. The dot-org site was owned by pranksters who gleefully sent the lists on to my investigatory team working for BBC Television.

Turns out the Republicans were sending black soldiers first-class letters marked "Do Not Forward." When the letters came back, the GOP used these to challenge their registrations or their absentee ballots. Where were the soldiers? Some were in Baghdad, of course.

Go to Baghdad, lose your vote. Mission accomplished, Mr. President.

And the game goes on. In 2006, pimple-faced young Republicans with Blackberries loaded with challenge lists invaded ghetto precincts to target new black voters. In 2008 expect more of these voter "lynchings by laptop."

ROBO-VOTING AND OTHER MACHINE GAMES

In 2000 about 700 voters in Gadsden County, the blackest in Florida, wrote in the name "Al Gore" on their ballots—enough to win Gore the Presidency. However, Kate Harris, then Secretary of State (and co-chair of the Bush campaign), ruled that the voters' *(continued on page 45)*

THE GIRLS OF MY

SCREEN NAME:

GENSIS GAETANA

AGE: 24

CURRENTLY RESIDES IN: Oklahoma

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 796

Our latest MySpace Girl comes straight from the Dust Bowl, and we have to say that this Okie is more than okay. Gensis, a dancer at an Oklahoma City gentlemen's club, loves "teasing the guys!" Describing herself as "easygoing, spontaneous and always up for having fun," Gensis especially enjoys partying hard and making out with her hot best friend. In fact, the sexy Sooner's fantasy involves the two of them picking up a pair of other girls and getting it on in her club's VIP room. When asked to pick her favorite sexual position, Gensis can't decide on just one. "I love good ol' me on top and reverse cowgirl!" she howls. If you want to knock boots with this babe, go to GensisGaetana.com, where you can check out her videos and daily diary.

BY TYLER DOWNEY

SPACE #3: GENSIS

HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

PHOTOS COURTESY ALBERT LANG

2006's ELECTORAL GLITCHES

(continued from page 41) intent was unknown.

By 2006 the Florida GOP would take no chances: They eliminated paper and punch cards that could be recounted. In Sarasota—where the 17,000 votes would go missing—Republican Elections Supervisor Kathy Dent, despite the pleas of experts, installed computer touchscreens—whose tallies can't be "recounted" and where missing votes remain missing forever in cyberspace. Indeed, when the public presented her with 14,000 signatures to demand paper ballots, Dent made a special presentation to the Sarasota Republican Committee to resist the protesters. She pleaded that the party needed machines that could not be recounted. Why?

I contacted the top independent expert on the iVotronics computers used in Sarasota, Douglas Jones of the University of Iowa, who said the strange differences between the look of the screens in some Democratic precincts versus Republican precincts could be explained partly by "corruption" of the "ballot image file." That's a fancy way for saying that the virtual "buttons" on the screen might not line up properly with touch-sensitive electronic targets hidden from view.

You can touch, punch or slam the square for your candidate, but the computer won't feel it and record it unless you touch the screen, say, a half-inch further to the right. All these computer voting machines have a summary page to allow you to check and confirm your choices. But in Florida there was a second problem—a horribly designed graphic layout, making it difficult to find, let alone correct, any error in the vote in the congressional race.

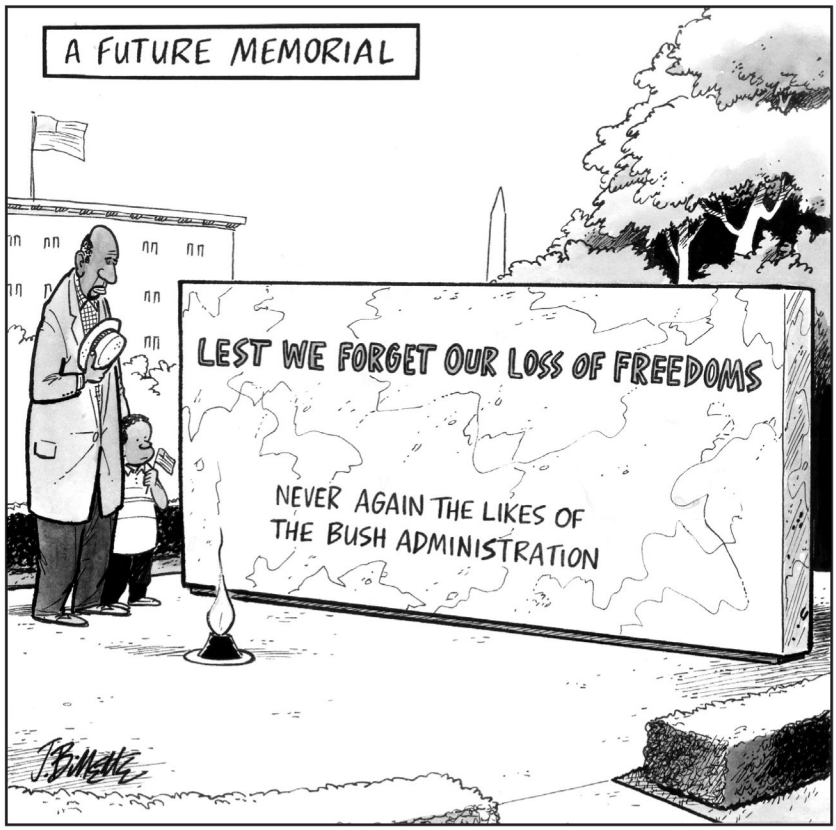
Funny thing about these errors—they tended to work very much in favor of the Republican candidates. Sarasota's Republican voting officials were notified of this design problem before Election Day.

Nonpartisan Florida elections supervisor Ion Sancho of Leon County (Tallahassee) told me, "If you're going to have a 'glitch' bend an election, this is one way you could do it," i.e. without getting caught deliberately finagling the results. The misalignment of virtual buttons and layout errors are far more subtle than the much-feared software tampering used to change Democratic votes to Republican. These seeming glitches merely shave votes, are often difficult to detect and it's impossible to prove such file "corruption" was deliberate.

For some reason, computers prefer Republicans. The iVotronics touch-screens used in Florida are made by a company founded by Republican Senator Chuck Hagel—which cashed in big-time when Bush's HAVA law set aside billions of dollars to change elections from paper ballots to paperless computers.

Obviously, the GOP finds robots do a better job of picking candidates than voters.

Greg Palast is the "twisted" author of the New York Times bestseller Armed Madhouse: How the Bush Posse Stole Your Vote, Shoplifted Iraq, and Seized Your Wallet. This article is based on the soon-to-be-published new edition.



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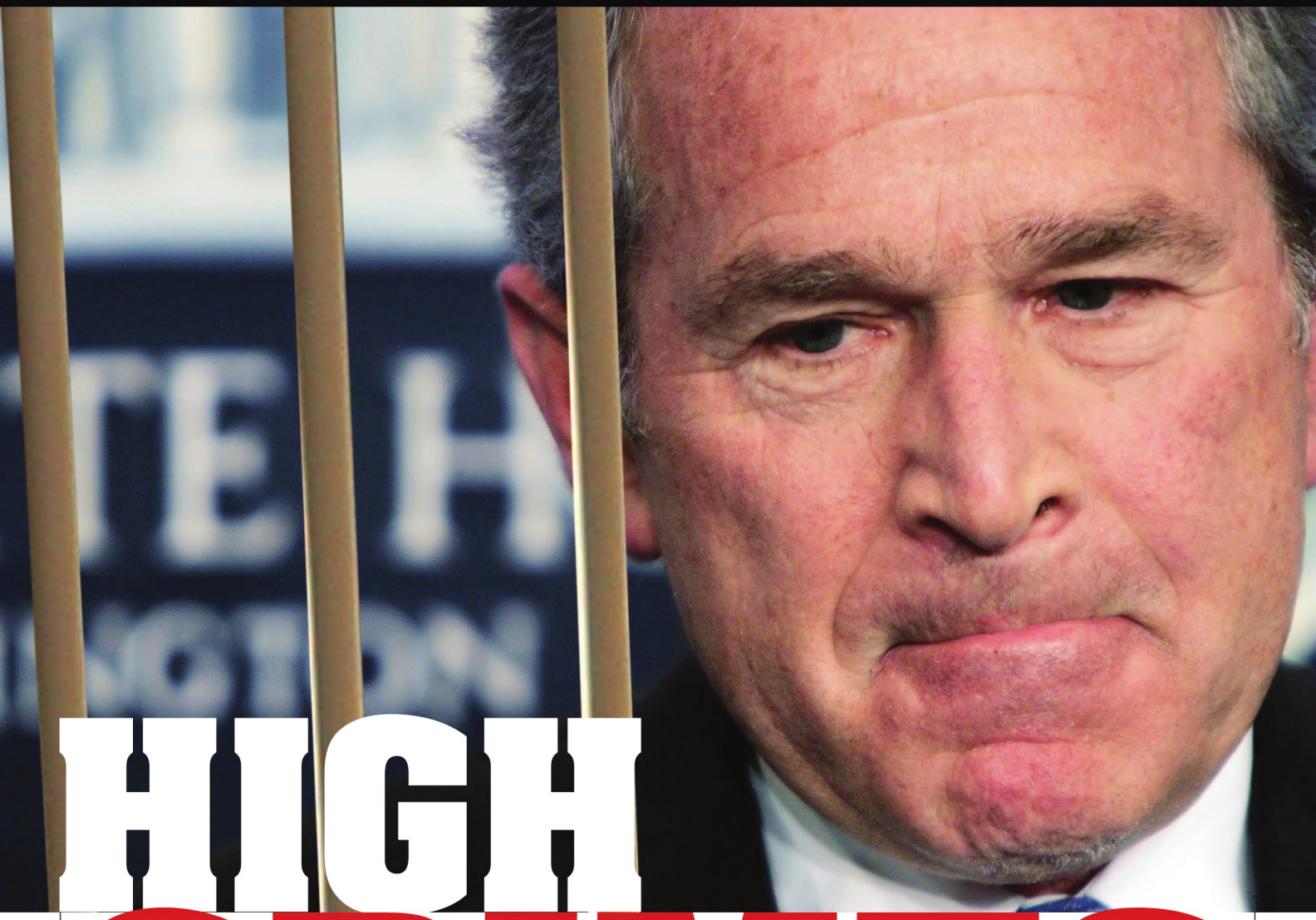


HIGH CRIMES

STILL THINK BUSH ISN'T GUILTY OF "HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS"? THINK AGAIN. HERE ARE THE MOST PROVABLE CHARGES AGAINST THE "COMMANDER IN CHIEF," ALONG WITH THE POSSIBLE LEGAL CONSEQUENCES.

OFFENSE: Abuse of power by claiming the authority to ignore 750 laws, including military rules and regulations, affirmative-action provisions, immigration disclosure requirements, whistleblower protections and safeguards against political interference in federally funded research.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Presidential Oath of Office; U.S. Constitution, Article II—grounds for impeachment.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Presidential "signing statements" that declare intention to disregard laws signed.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Congressional censure; impeachment; removal from office.

OFFENSE: Authorizing the National Security Agency (NSA) wiretapping program.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA); Presidential Oath of Office; U.S. Constitution: Amendment IV—right to privacy and condition of probable cause.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Admissions by Bush and administration officials, including the Attorney General.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Impeachment; removal from office.

OFFENSE: Willfully lying and misleading the American people regarding alleged threats to the nation and reasons for invasion of Iraq; falsification of evidence; conspiracy (with highest-ranking members of the administration) to defraud the American people; authorizing wars of aggression.

GEORGE W. BUSH

BY MARK JOHNSON

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Presidential Oath of Office; U.S. Constitution; Title 18, U.S. Code, Section 371—conspiracy to defraud United States; Executive Orders 12674 and 12731—principles of ethical conduct and fulfillment of the public trust; international laws against war crimes and crimes against humanity (U.N. and Nuremberg Charters); U.S. Constitution, Article II, Section 3—faithful execution of law as Presidential duty.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Intelligence analyses and estimates; Pentagon assessments; testimony by intelligence and military officials; Downing Street Memo, stating evidence was being "fixed around the policy"; Presidential statements regarding doctrine of preemptive war; stated intention by Bush Administration appointees and advisers prior to 9/11 attacks to "rebuild America's defenses," facilitate "regime change" in Iraq and establish American dominance; false claims that Iraq had weapons of mass destruction.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Impeachment; removal from office; indictment by international tribunal.

OFFENSE: Authorizing illegal war conduct and occupation of foreign countries; commission of war crimes and crimes against humanity (including torture and illegal treatment of prisoners); deaths of civilians.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Geneva Conventions; War Crimes Act; international human rights law.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Historical record; photographic evidence of torture and abuse at Abu Ghraib, Guantanamo Bay and elsewhere; photographic evidence of illegal war conduct in Iraq and Afghanistan; hundreds of thousands of dead civilians; victim testimony; administration disclosures regarding interrogation methods and treatment of prisoners.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Indictment by international tribunal; compensation to victims; impeachment; removal from office; imprisonment. (Note: Congress has granted Bush retroactive immunity—which may prove unconstitutional—by passing the Military Commissions Act.)

OFFENSE: Authorizing indefinite detention and transfer of persons in U.S. custody to foreign countries for torture; using military forces to seize and detain U.S. citizens and immigrants indefinitely and without charge.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** International human rights law; Geneva Conventions; U.S. Constitution, Article I, Section 9—right of habeas corpus; Amendment IV—right to privacy and condition of probable cause; Civil Rights Act; Presidential Oath of Office.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Bush Administration and European Parliament disclosures regarding "rendition" practices and secret CIA prisons; victim testimony.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Indictment by international tribunal; impeachment; removal from office; compensation to individual victims; imprisonment.

OFFENSE: Authorizing the leak of classified information relating to the status and identity of a CIA agent.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Title 50, U.S. Code, Section 421; Presidential Oath of Office; U.S. Constitution, Article II—high crimes and misdemeanors.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Leaked White House details on NOC (non-official cover) agent Valerie Plame; evidence resulting from Fitzgerald investigation.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Impeachment; removal from office; imprisonment.

PRESIDENTIAL OATH OF OFFICE

"I, George W. Bush, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

—George W. Bush, January 20, 2001

GROUNDS FOR IMPEACHMENT

"The President, Vice President and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors."

—United States Constitution, Article II, Section 4

OFFENSE: Conspiracy to commit manslaughter and/or murder by allowing, facilitating or failing to prevent the 9/11 attacks.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Statutory laws against murder; U.S. Constitution, Article III—treason; Title 18, U.S. Code, Chapter 51—homicide.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Failure to respond to warnings of impending attacks; negligence and delayed action on 9/11; evidence of possible government involvement (excluded from official investigation); historical and media record of 9/11.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Impeachment; removal from office; imprisonment.

OFFENSE: Violation of separation of Church and State, resulting in harmful and discriminatory policies, including obstruction of attempts to fight HIV/AIDS, promotion of unproven methods such as abstinence and faith-based sex education, and discriminatory policies on marriage and abortion.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** U.S. Constitution, Amendment I—separation of Church and State; Presidential Oath of Office.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Historical record; Presidential policy statements; religion-influenced legislation.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Impeachment; removal from office.

OFFENSE: Willful misrepresentation of evidence and rejection of scientific consensus regarding global warming; refusal to curb greenhouse gas emissions; withdrawal from international climate agreements.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** The public trust and the interests of the American people.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** International scientific consensus; Presidential statements; evidence that government scientific documents were edited by White House officials to downplay threat.

★ ***PENALTIES:*** Congressional censure; international censure.

OFFENSE: Failure to prevent suffering and loss of life prior to, during and following Hurricane Katrina; negligent homicide and/or manslaughter.

★ ***IN VIOLATION OF:*** Presidential Oath of Office; Title 18, U.S. Code, Section 1112—manslaughter; statutory laws in the affected states.

★ ***EVIDENCE:*** Historical record of inadequate response; photographic record; victim testimony; Presidential admission.

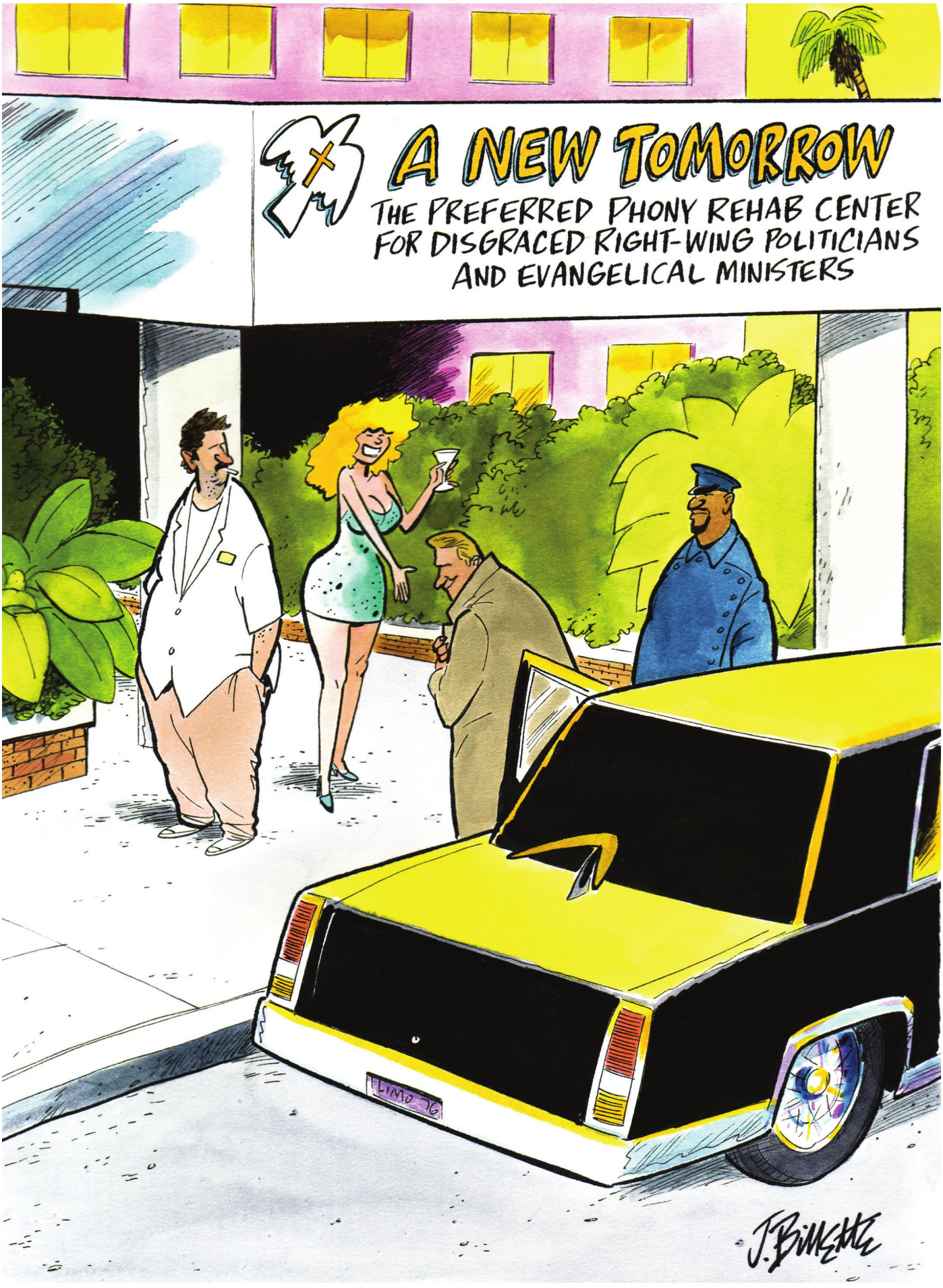
★ ***PENALTIES:*** Impeachment; removal from office; imprisonment.

ADDITIONAL NOTE: One of the most egregious misdeeds of the Bush Administration's, the passage of the unconstitutional legistlation known as USA PATRIOT Act and Military Commissions Act, was done with the approval of Congress. These laws violate the U.S. Constitution, Amendments I, IV and VI (rights to freedom of speech, privacy and due process, respectively) and Article I, Section 9 (right to habeas corpus). That these laws are unconstitutional has been confirmed by numerous assessments from Constitutional and civil-rights lawyers and experts. The historical record and the testimony of victims are evidence that these laws are being abused and clearly violate civil rights.

For more information, see BushCommission.org; the House Judiciary Committee's report "The Constitution in Crisis" and Elizabeth de la Vega's book, United States v. George W. Bush et al.

LORENZO SPERLONGA

LorenzoSperlonga.com


A NEW TOMORROW
THE PREFERRED PHONY REHAB CENTER
FOR DISGRACED RIGHT-WING POLITICIANS
AND EVANGELICAL MINISTERS
LIMO 76
J. BILKEE

ANN COULTER'S
SEX LIFE
SORRY
CLOSED
DUE TO
LACK OF INTEREST
Tvosley.

MELODY
A WILD RIDE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO

During sex I have to be on top," insists **Melody**. "I am a total control freak, and I love to dominate a guy. If a guy likes to be buried in my mound *and* knows how to eat pussy, I'll keep him around for a long time. I love riding a guy's face or his cock until I come. That makes me explode like nothing else."

Truly a wild child, **Melody** also savors public displays of affection. "I've had sex in parks, dressing rooms of department stores, at the movies, you name it. The chance that someone might catch me or is watching is thrilling."

What kind of fellows thrill this lanky hottie? "A real adventurous type who is willing to try and do anything," **Melody** discloses. "He has to be ready to go at it in a moment's notice and not be afraid to share me. You see, I like to get it on with girls sometimes too. If the guy can roll with it, then I'll let him enjoy the other chicks with me."

Photographing **Melody** at an amusement park was far from coincidental. "I actually love thrill rides like roller coasters," the lusty Las Vegan goes on. "It's probably one of the only things in life, besides sex, that really gets my heart pumping. I also love to bungee jump, and I'm thinking about trying skydiving pretty soon."

In the future, **Melody** has big plans. "I want to be a star, either in porn or some other way. I guess you can say my life is about taking risks and having as much fun as possible. Might as well live while you're here, right?"

MELODY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Las Vegas
AGE: 24
BIRTH SIGN: Gemini
HEIGHT: 5-8
WEIGHT: 111
MEASUREMENTS: "Not sure, but my tiny titties are real."

POP
POP

The Mystery of the MISSING MOUND

CELEBRATING HER IMPENDING DIVORCE from Kevin Federline, pop princess Britney Spears recently hooked up with two of the biggest media whores in Hollywood: Paris Hilton and Lindsay Lohan. The party animals showed up at every club in Tinseltown, knowing full well that photographers would snap away as the trio painted the town pink. To garner extra attention, it was helpful that Spears left a few things at home: her kids, her dignity and her panties! Almost instantaneously, Britney set the World Wide Web ablaze with graphic pics of her wide-open beaver, complete with cesarean scar.

We guess that someone in her management firm must have alerted the bubble-headed blonde that this kind of "exposure" may not be the best thing for a once-wholesome Mouseketeer (and mother of two). Her spinmasters clicked into full-scale damage control mode, frantically trying to cover up the truth. They even went so far as to send Miss Brit onto the TV chat fest *The View* to lie to Barbara Walters about the existence of the Internet crotch-shots. The "crotchety" pop tart actually claimed that the photos in question showed "panty shields from Victoria's Secret," not her long-hanging pussy lips.

Oops, she did it again!

THE MISSING PHOTO

TO SEE IT, GO TO:

Defamer.com

DrunkenStepfather.com

TheSuperficial.com

PerezHilton.com

HollywoodGrind.com

Digg.com

Egotastic.com

EvilBeet.BlogSpot.com

TMZ.com

CelebrityCrunch.com

BRITNEY SPEARS'S DISAPPEARING CROTCH-SHOTS

Sorry, Brit, but that's not the truth, and the one thing we at HUSTLER have always known is that you can't hide the truth. Britney's people then dispatched a team of experts, including lawyers, to guarantee the images would be "unavailable for publication." Although we were unable to obtain rights to the ballyhooed money-shots of Britney's completely exposed snatch, we did acquire other revealing photos from her outing with Hilton and Lohan—and from two other escapades.

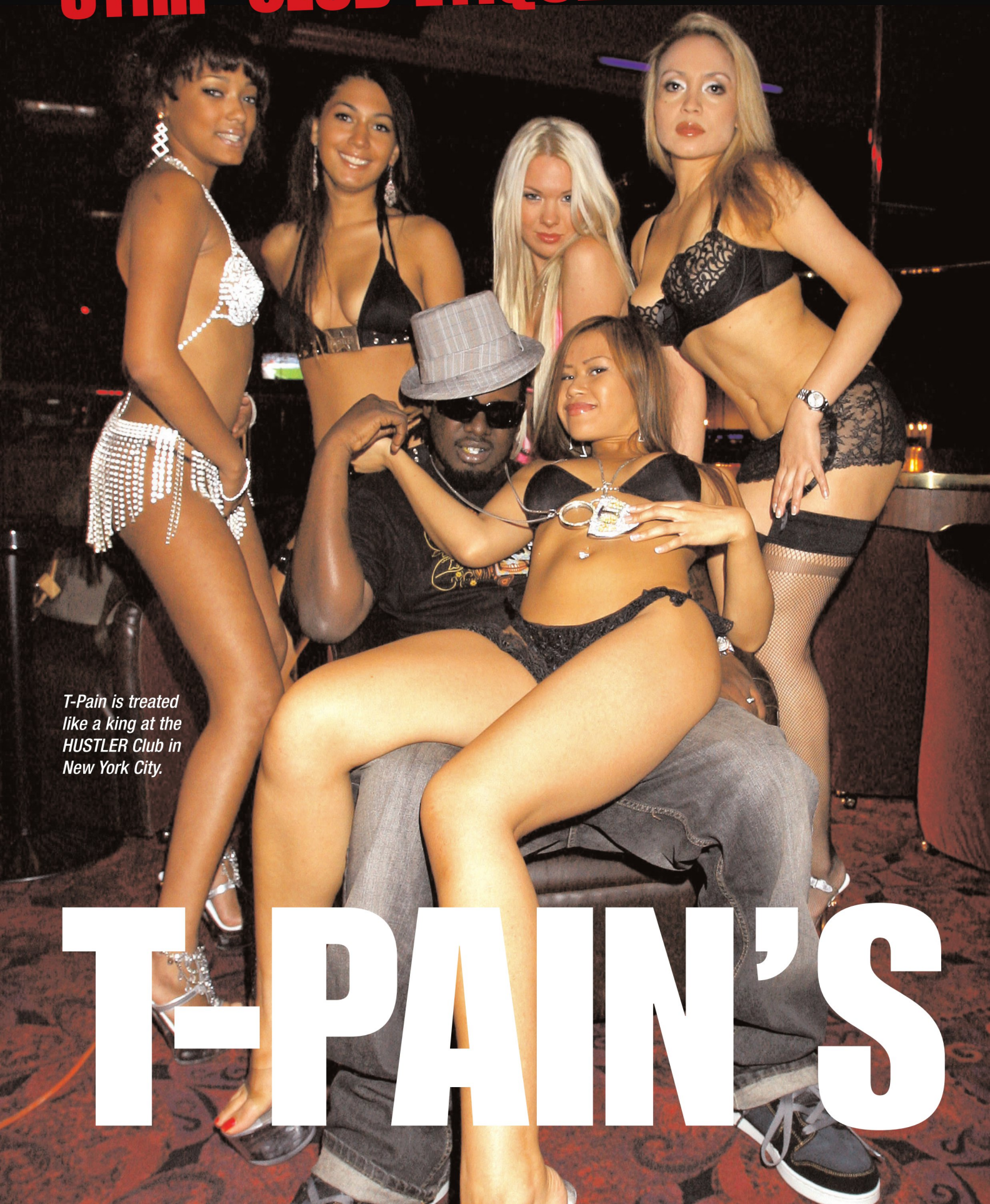
As a further public service to you, the HUSTLER reader, we have listed various Web sites that—as this issue went to press—were offering candid clit clicks of the missing celebrity clam close-ups. We hope this will prove to Britney Spears and all other sexy starlets that if you let it all hang out, we will make sure that our loyal fans get to see the whole truth. As it is written in John 8:32, "And the truth shall make you free."

Got some juicy pictures of a well-known figure? If so, fire off an e-mail to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

Hollywood's new Unholy Trinity (left to right): Lindsay Lohan, Britney Spears and Paris Hilton.

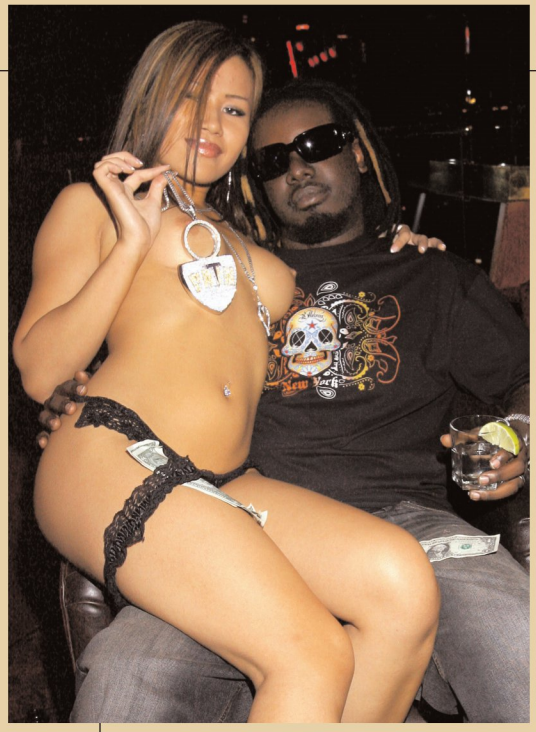
PHOTOS COURTESY X17ONLINE.COM

STRIP CLUB ETIQUETTE:



T-Pain is treated like a king at the HUSTLER Club in New York City.

T-PAIN'S



A FAMED RAPPER REVEALS HIS PERSONAL TITTY BAR DO'S AND DON'TS

INTERVIEW BY ENTERTAINMENT EDITOR TOM FARRELL

PLATINUM RAPPER T-PAIN turned bump-and-grind establishments from coast to coast upside down with his smash hit "I'm N Luv (Wit a Stripper)." A connoisseur of G-string divas, T-Pain knows how to treat the ladies right—whether he's gawking at the rail or kicking back for a private dance. We gave the Tallahassee hip-hopper VIP treatment at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in New York City, and now T-Pain returns the favor by talking about his take-it-off anthem and tossing out some essential tips for fellow strip joint fans.

HUSTLER: What inspired you to write "I'm N Luv (Wit a Stripper)"?

I took a friend of mine in Florida to a strip club. It was his first time. So I got ahold of one of the girls and gave her some money and told her to stay on him. And he fell in love with her!

The next day we went to the studio, and I wrote the song. The girls are gonna be stripping to that for a long time.

What is your favorite strip club?

Diamond's Cabaret in Miami. It's got everything: a barber shop on the side, a weight room and gym in the back. They got buffets and a lot of stuff that shouldn't be in a strip club. (*Laughs.*)

What are your do's and don'ts when you're hanging at a strip club?

"Don't throw money down and then pick it up!" (*Laughs.*) That's the number one don't! The number two don't is "Don't go broke." The number three don't is "Don't sit there with your last ten dollars and try to stretch it out till the end of the night."

Also, "Don't talk to the girls for too long." After you run out of money, don't sit around talking to the girls, because they want to tell people their life stories. Then you tell them your life story, then they go tell the next dude or other strippers everything you've told them. It gets pretty whack.

What are your rules on touching?

When it comes to the physical contact, some guys start acting all tough and everything. They put on their game face, and that gets really scary. You don't want to act hard when you're touching the girls.

Years back, I was at the Gold Club in Atlanta on tour with a band, and we got torn up. I had a bottle of champagne, and when this stripper bent over, I shook the bottle and sprayed bubbly up her ass. I was out of that place so fast, I thought they were going to ticket me for speeding. You ever get 86'd from a strip club?

No, I don't think so. I try to chill when I hit the clubs. Damn, that was a good idea though. (*Laughs.*)

I saw it as foreplay.

Yeah, well champagne is a good aphrodisiac. (*Laughs.*)

Do you have rules about drinking in strip clubs?

"Don't get too drunk." Sip it every now and then. "Don't try to buy a bunch of drinks to impress people." All that's going to happen is you're gonna get really horny and drunk, and then you'll be broke.

One last question, T-Pain. How would you rate the Big Apple's HUSTLER Club?

Fantastic, great, very rich. The girls are great, especially that Asian one.

Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club is located at 641 W. 51st St. (near the West Side Highway), New York, NY 10019.

GUIDE

UP AND CUMMERS #73

UP AND CUMMERS #80

From the very beginning of her remarkable porn career, Tera Patrick combined the poise of a glamour model and the sexual fervor of a born nymphomaniac.

PHOTOS COURTESY NEW MACHINE

UP AND CUMMERS #73

Tera Tera TERA!

REVISITING **TERA PATRICK** AS A CAN'T-MISS UP-AND-COMER

GETTING A RELATIVELY LATE START, Tera Patrick was 23 when she entered the world of porn, but the Montana-born beauty already was a seasoned pro in front of the camera. It all began in San Francisco, where her father relocated after her Thai mother returned to her homeland. When she was 13, the future XXX sensation was discovered by a Ford Agency talent scout (reportedly at Fisherman's Wharf) and signed to a contract. The teen moved to New York City to pursue a career as a runway and catalog model before throwing in the towel. She enrolled at Idaho's Boise State University, and later the University of California Santa Barbara, earning an associate degree in nursing and a B.S. in microbiology. To help pay her way, she resumed modeling.

In 1999, the college grad began posing nude and doing soft-core work, using a variety of stage names before settling on a slight deviation of Carmen Electra's legal name, Tara Patrick. Tera soon crossed paths with Randy West, who was (and still is) known for breaking in new talent like Jenna Jameson with his popular *Up and Cummers* series. Tera's scene with West opens *Up and Cummers #73*, and the 5-foot-9 bombshell's scorching performance left no doubt that she was something special. With a body and onscreen sexuality that were clearly a cut above, Tera was on the path to stardom. Within a year, Tera would again pair up with West, this time in *Up and Cummers #80*, for another fiery romp that helped solidify her reputation as one of hard-core's hottest newcomers.

In 2000 Tera Patrick—who would soon grace the covers of HUSTLER, *Playboy* and *Penthouse*—was named Best New Starlet at Hot d'Or, an adult-film festival on the French Riviera. The following year, *Genesis*, *AVN* and the X-Rated Critics Organization all paid tribute to Tera's promising future. The breathtaking brunette would go on to sizzle in more than 75 XXX films, becoming a superstar and successful entrepreneur to boot; arguably, only Jenna Jameson rivals her.

Finally, *FHM* made Tera Patrick that mag's first porn-star covergirl and named her one of 2006's 100 Sexiest Women. Also in '06, VH1 voted Tera (who's married to Biohazard's Evan Seinfeld) as one of its Top 40 Hottest Rock Star Girlfriends and Wives.

The Teravision/Vivid film Teradise Island, as well as Randy West's Up and Cummers #73 and #80, are reviewed on pages 148-150.

—Tom Farrell

PHOTO COURTESY TERAVISION

LO

Sung to the tune of “Love on the Rocks” by Neil Diamond

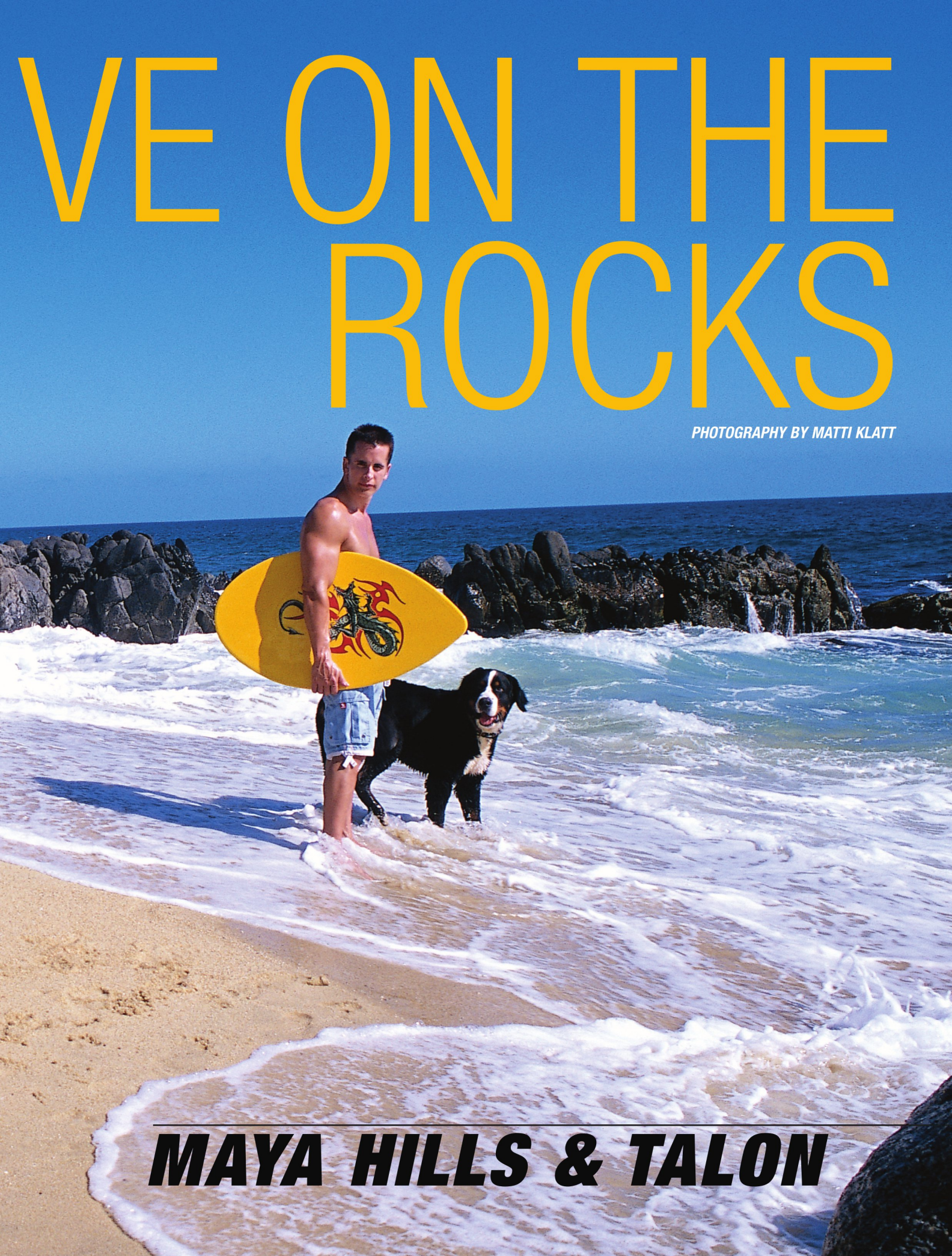
Love on the rocks.
Here’s the big surprise.
Check out this chick,
as she checks out that guy.
If all goes well,
they’ll be fucking in no time.
He checks out her bod
so tight and so wet.
A rock-solid cock
the dude starts to get.
Now she’s sucking his dick
and does it all with a smile

First he licks her pussy.
Man, does that cunt look juicy!
Suddenly, he finds himself down there,
facefirst in her snatch.
Then he starts to bone her.
You can almost just hear
her moan. Yeah!
Nothing we can do or say.
We wish the guy would go away
and let us get some.

Love on the rocks.
Ain’t no big surprise
she got a faceful of cum
almost right in her eyes.
What a good girl.
She did it all with a smile.

VE ON THE ROCKS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



MAYA HILLS & TALON

AMERICA'S TOP TERRORISTS:

THE BARBI TWINS!

AS THE BARBI TWINS, we each earned our seven and a half minutes of fame as celebrity models-turned-health authors. Now we simply devote ourselves to animal causes through our organization, the Kitty Liberation Front (KLF). We are vegan, anti-fur, anti-zoos, anti-vivisection—just plain anti-animal exploitation. However, we are not your typical "animal activists" because we also oppose most animal rights organizations, including PETA, since they profit off the problems of the animals they are sworn to rescue, and they frequently act in ways that are not in accord with their own stated philosophies. We are also anti-hypocrite.

In our research we found two types of animal organizations. On the one side you have the big "Enron" animal organizations that practice a

macabre "Sophie's Choice," deciding which animals should be saved and which animals should be killed. This "management by death" is a method used by The Humane Society and PETA, which we believe stands for "People Euthanizing Terrific Animals" (not least because of their numerous felony counts in 2005 for killing adoptable puppies and kittens).

The other type of animal organization is the "old school" shelter that profits off the murders of discarded animals. Or the shelters that are dumping grounds for hoarders—persons or organizations that compulsively collect animals while ignoring their care. We noticed that animal rescuers and bulimics—like ourselves—can share the same mental illness. This includes symptoms such as control, god complex, victimization and so forth. We recoined the word *rescue* to *rescuism* as a way of describing angry animal fanatics who, losing their focus, get a cult-

THE KITTY LIBERATION FRONT MAY BE PO

*In a scene from **Your Mommy Kills Animals**, the Barbi Twins help Paw Project veterinarians attend to a tiger crippled from declawing. For more information, go to PawProject.com.*

like intoxication. In any case, rescuing animals is not working; as more animals get killed, rescuers make greater profits.

Our main solution is simply humane education regarding animals. Instead of warehousing them in shelters, it is best to find foster homes for rescued pets. Cages are an unnatural environment that make animals stressed. Ninety-five percent of dogs or cats given to shelters are improperly handled. Free clinics would replace costly vet bills and unnecessary euthanization.

Trap-Neuter-Return is a program that captures cats (in order to spay or neuter them), then releases them to a natural cat colony. For every $1 spent on spaying/neutering, $10 is saved on the housing, killing and disposing of animals. The U.S. spends $4 billion a year (half from the government, half from private organizations), killing ten times more animals than any other nation.

In this country, killing animals is big business, whether it's carried out by corporations or within the animal community through sellout groups like PETA and The Humane Society of the United States. That's why we stand with the radicals who actively protest the cruel torture of animals—people who risk their freedom in an effort to expose corporate torture chambers protected by government conservatives.

Recently we stepped outside the box to become associate producers on our first feature movie, *Your Mommy Kills Animals*. This film details all sides of animal activism, including the never-before-exposed corruption—both inside and outside the movement. Additionally, it offers an in-depth look at the FBI's recent declaration that animal rights activists are the number one domestic terrorists in the United States. Have you ever heard of anything so absurd?!

Among these supposed "terrorists" is Pamelyn Ferdin, a onetime child star and the voice of Lucy from *Peanuts*. She heads the Animal Defense League (ADL), which focuses on legal protests against kill shelters in L.A. and the torture of animals used in medical research. Pam is famous in the animal world because she is frequently arrested, but she knows her rights well enough to successfully defend herself in court. Whenever Pam is asked if she has a permit to protest, she answers, "Yes, it's called the Bill of Rights!"

Other so-called terrorists include the SHAC 7—American animal rights activists guilty of nothing more than posting the addresses of medical researchers on Web sites. They were prosecuted and sent to jail in 2006 for doing what Ann Coulter and David Horowitz (two right-wingers) have been doing all along—posting private information for purposes of harassment. The only difference between Coulter and Horowitz and the SHAC 7 is that laws have been passed specifically targeting animal rights activists. Is that fair? Targeting a specific group's beliefs? What if the government starts targeting feminists or gays or pro-choice organizations?

It is ironic that while America is fighting for "democracy" in Iraq, we are losing our First Amendment rights at home because of legislation like the Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act (AETA). This bill makes free speech a very dangerous practice for animal activists, who can be thrown in jail as terrorists when simply protesting the inhumane treatment of animals. Is this what America is supposed to stand for? No reasonable person could possibly think so. However, the only way we are going to change things for the better is if we all stand together.

If you want to help, here are several Web sites you should check out: StopAETA.org, SHAC7.com and NoCompromise.org.

ISED TO RESCUE AN ANIMAL NEAR YOU!

PHOTOS COURTESY BARBI TWINS

PHOTO COURTESY INTERNATIONAL LABOR COMMUNICATIONS ASSOCIATION

JEFF COHEN

Q&A

BY BRUCE DAVID AND MARK JOHNSON

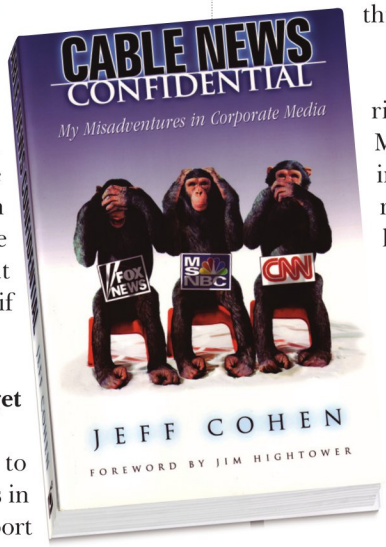
THE INSIDE DIRT ON CABLE NEWS

MEDIA CRITIC AND ACTIVIST Jeff Cohen spent more than a decade in the belly of the corporate-media beast and lived to tell the inside story.

After founding the media watch group FAIR (Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting), a progressive organization that documents bias in the mainstream media, Cohen was sought out by cable TV news as one of the token liberals to debate right-wingers. As he puts it, he "devolved from media critic to media pundit."

He found that FAIR's research was right on the money: Mainstream media is biased toward wealthy, conservative interests, with little or no screen time given to labor and consumer representatives or environmental advocates. And what's worse, the least talented rise to the top.

Cohen's new tell-all book, *Cable News Confidential*, details his misadventures at CNN, Fox News and MSNBC. In it, he compares the daily production of "infotainment" to a sausage factory: People consume it, but they probably wouldn't like it if they saw how it gets made.



HUSTLER: Why did you get into the cable news game?

JEFF COHEN: I wanted to help fix one of the big problems in cable TV news. TV debates purport to be the Left versus the Right, but they're really the Center versus the Far Right. I was hoping to partially solve that because I'm unabashedly Progressive. I'm not afraid to go toe-to-toe with conservatives.

I got my start as a guest debater at CNN. When Michael Kinsley left *Crossfire*, they tested me as full-time co-host. Kinsley had represented the supposed Left every weeknight for six years. On the other side, meanwhile, were real right-wingers like Pat Buchanan and Bob Novak. When Kinsley was asked about his politics after six years of saying "I'm Michael Kinsley from the Left," he admitted to a reporter, "I'm a wishy-washy moderate." I didn't get the *Crossfire* job because CNN, like MSNBC and Fox, is wary of bona fide representatives of the Progressive Left.

After CNN, I went to Fox. The rule at Fox News is: Push Republican positions hour after hour. Fox's *Crossfire*-style show is *Hannity & Colmes*, with Hannity as the right-winger.

One time, I happened to be in the green room, the place you wait before going on-air. A couple of staff members had just talked to a top Fox News executive who'd said, "Our best host is Alan Colmes. He knows what his job is: To make Hannity look good."

Sean Hannity would come into the green room on Fridays before my taping of *FOX News Watch*, and I'd hear people say to him, "Hey, are you afraid of Jeff Cohen? When are you going to have a real debate? Why not Hannity and Cohen?" And he would say things like, "Yeah, yeah, when Alan's gone, we'll try that out."

Of course, it never happened because prime time is what Fox News cares about; they want to make sure the right-wing point of view comes through clearest.

Do those orders come from the top?

Yes. Fox News was started by right-wing media mogul Rupert Murdoch. Murdoch has a history of intervening in editorial decisions to make sure everything is in line with his ideology.

That's why he hired Republican operative Roger Ailes to be his News Chairman. Ailes had no background in journalism, but he did have a background in effective attack ads aimed at Democrats. This guy had run vicious TV ads for George H.W. Bush attacking Michael Dukakis in 1988. He had also been a media whiz for Reagan and Nixon. Murdoch must have thought, *Wow! Look what Roger Ailes can do in 30 seconds. Imagine what he could do 24/7 with a TV news network.*

Sometimes in the Fox News green room, there'd be a particularly biased segment on the monitor, and someone would say, sarcastically, "Wow! That was really fair and balanced." And people around the room would laugh. Lots of people at Fox know Ailes's slogan of "fair and balanced" is a joke. They know Fox News was set up by Murdoch and Ailes to push the right-wing Republican agenda.

The good news is I was a rare media critic who got on the very inside of the news outlets I was criticizing. The bad news is I had to deal with the right-wingers that dominate cable news—people like Hannity, Bill O'Reilly and Joe Scarborough.

Thankfully, I didn't have anything to do with Ann Coulter, because she refused to debate me. At MSNBC, I was on staff with a regular time slot for debates. When she refused to appear with me, she was allowed on the air alone to promote her

"If television news had allowed a real debate about the Iraq war, it never would have happened. People say, 'It was an intelligence failure,' or 'It was a failure of Congress.' Yeah, it was those things. But most importantly, it was a media failure."

book. That tells you something about the myth of the liberal media: It's the Ann Coulters and Jerry Falwells who dominate. They can be counted on to attack every group in society—gays, minorities, environmentalists, homeless—everybody except the people and corporations in power.

Were you allowed to speak your mind at Fox?

Yes, I could criticize Fox News and Murdoch and did repeatedly. But we also had to spend a lot of time on tabloid topics that weren't really news.

The biggest story on TV in the months before 9/11, for instance, was Congressman Gary Condit [D-California] and a female intern. They talked about how he might have murdered her, even though he had nothing to do with it. For four months that's all we talked about. Then 9/11 comes along, and they don't mention Condit's name again.

In my book I also tell the story about when General Musharraf carried out his military coup in Pakistan. The neighboring country, India, went on high military alert; the two countries are historic enemies. Pakistan had just tested a nuclear bomb. Here it was 1999, and it seemed like a nuclear exchange might actually be possible.

Three days later I went in to tape my show, *FOX News Watch*, and in the first segment there's no mention of India or Pakistan; it's totally about the JonBenet Ramsey case. The second segment was devoted to O.J. Simpson and a domestic dispute with his girlfriend. In the final segment we had a debate about whether it was appropriate for a character on *Law & Order* to use the term "Lewinsky" as the synonym for a sex act. No mention of India, no mention of Pakistan, no mention of possible nuclear war.

What happened at MSNBC?

I went there in mid-2002, thinking it would be a better platform for my views. It turned out I was better off staying at Fox.

At first, I had two jobs at MSNBC. On the air, I was a debater facing a different right-winger every afternoon. Behind the scenes, I was senior producer of Phil Donahue's prime-time show. Donahue had come out of retirement because MSNBC assured him he could go up against Bill O'Reilly and do the issues he was passionate about and provide an alternative to Fox News.

There was about a three-month gap between the time they hired Phil and before the show premiered in mid-July 2002. In that time it became pretty obvious that the Bush Administration was going to use the 9/11 attacks as a pretext to invade Iraq, even though Iraq had nothing to do with 9/11.

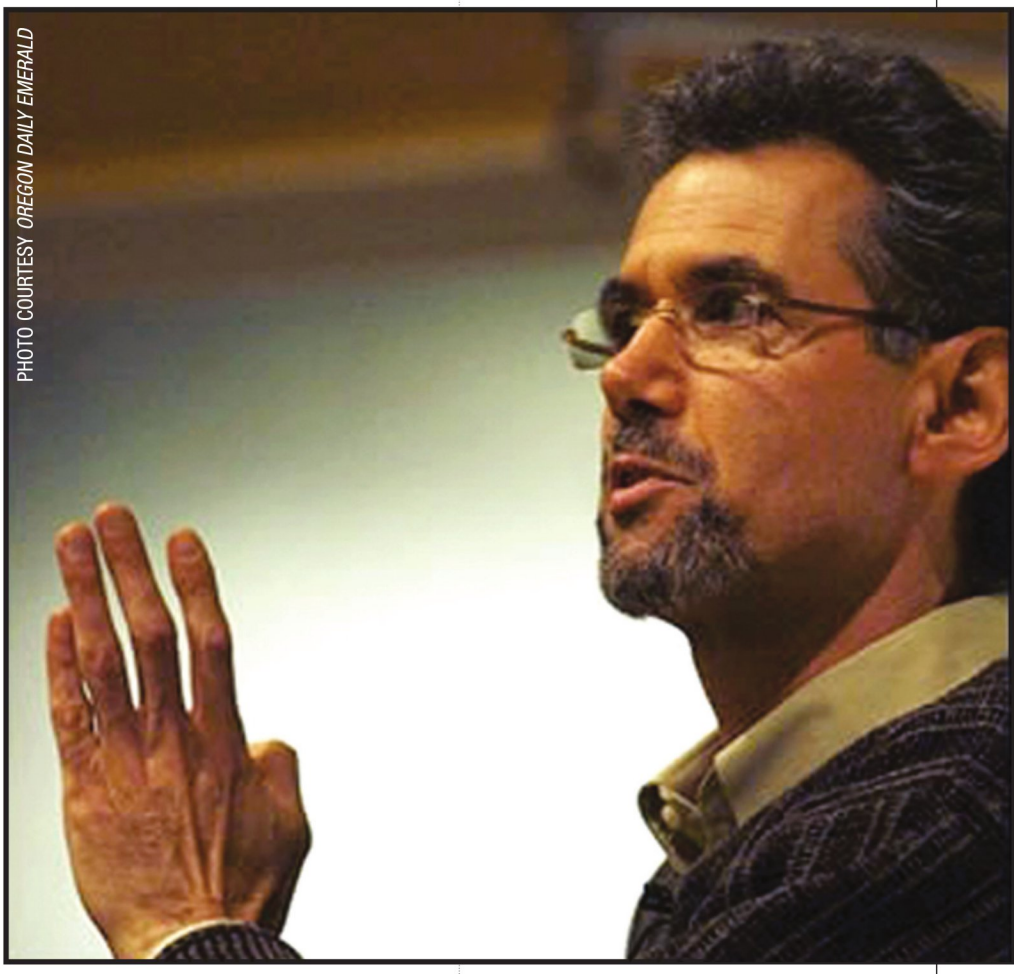


PHOTO COURTESY *OREGON DAILY EMERALD*

By the time *Donahue* went on the air, all those assurances to Phil had been shredded. They kept leaning on him to make sure the show was not a "liberal" show.

The impending war had a direct effect on *Donahue*'s survival?

Absolutely. As the Iraq invasion got closer, management turned the screws on us. MSNBC is supervised by NBC News, and NBC is owned by General Electric, a major military contractor.

In my debates I was saying, "This will be the biggest war since Vietnam. Where's the evidence that Iraq is a threat? We're going to set off chaos."

I couldn't say that for long because in October 2002 I lost my on-air time slot to a new show called *Countdown Iraq*. Instead of scrutinizing a potential invasion of Iraq, they seemed to glamorize it. They brought on former generals and colonels who were all pumped up like former athletes on a pre-game show.

The so-called experts would tell the American people day after day, "Iraq has weapons of mass destruction, and they're getting close to a nuclear device." All that was wrong. When I was on, I couldn't discuss the weather without having at least one right-winger debating me, but these experts were on the air without opposition.

At CNN, the same thing was going on. A CNN news chief later admitted, "I went to the Pentagon myself several

times before the war and met with important people there and said, 'Here are the generals we're thinking of retaining to advise us.' We got a big thumbs up on all of them."

Here's an executive saying he went to the government for approval! It's a complete violation of First Amendment separation of press and state.

If television news had allowed a real debate about the Iraq war, it never would have happened. People say, "It was an intelligence failure," or "It was a failure of Congress." Yeah, it was those things. But most importantly, it was a media failure.

At MSNBC we talked about booking Scott Ritter, who had been a U.N. weapons inspector. He was saying, "Don't send in the Marines." He was highly dubious that there were any weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. When we would talk about booking Ritter on *Donahue*, people would whisper, "We hear Scott Ritter is receiving covert government funds from Iraq."

And I would say, "Where are we getting this? That's a complete smear. There's no truth to that." But it was like clockwork. And it was aimed at keeping this effective critic of an impending invasion, a former Marine, off the air. If we had true journalism in the public interest, Scott Ritter would have been on the air regularly.

We often hear the argument that left-wing news programming doesn't sell, but wasn't *Donahue* getting good ratings?

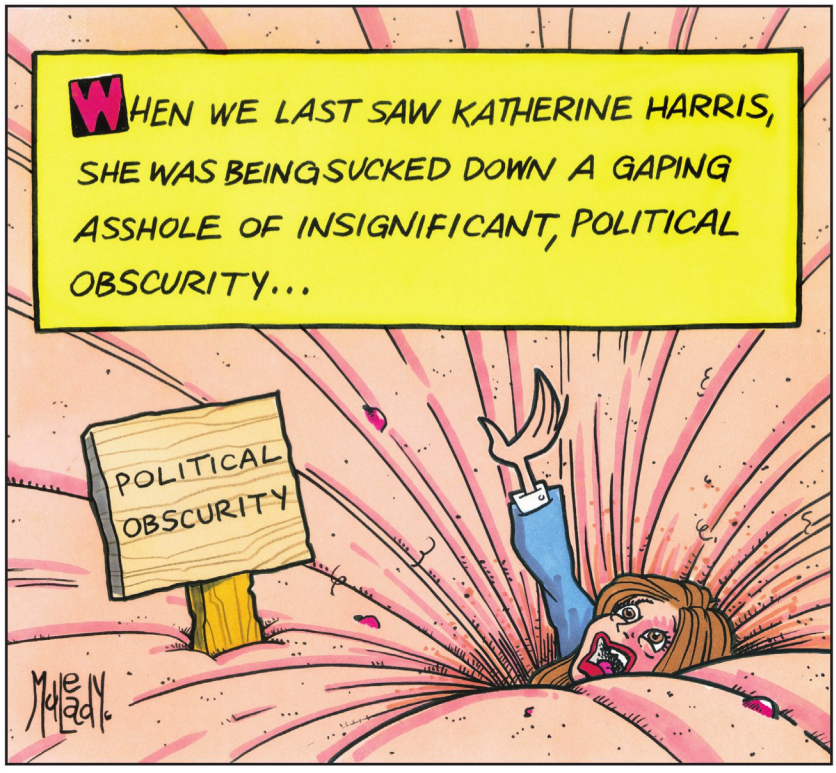
When the show was canceled by MSNBC three weeks before the war, it was the top-rated show on the channel. So clearly, politics played a big role. They had already taken me off the air, and they tried to muzzle Donahue.

In the last months of *Donahue*, they gave us strict orders that if we booked one guest who was antiwar, we had to book two guests who were pro-war. At one meeting a producer suggested booking Michael Moore as a guest, and she was told that for ideological balance she would need three right-wingers.

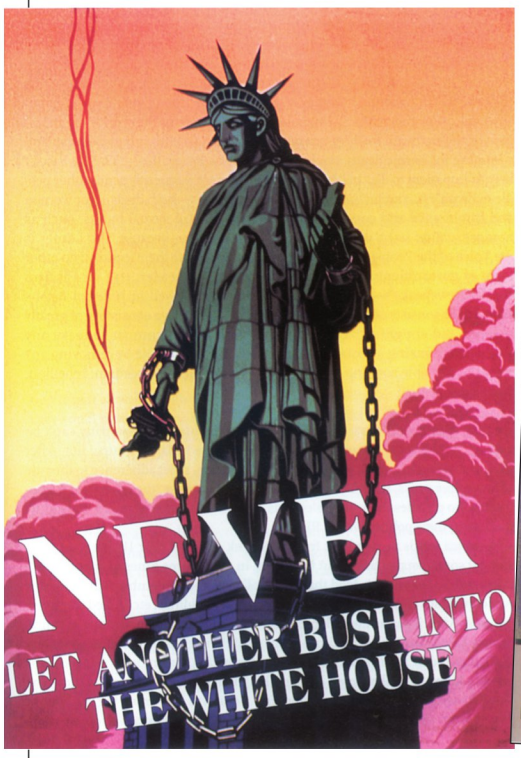
The day after NBC terminated the show, an internal memo leaked out that said, "Donahue represents a difficult public face for NBC in a time of war. … He seems to delight in presenting guests who are antiwar, anti-Bush and skeptical of the administration's motives."

I went into journalism because I thought it was the job of journalists to be critical of those in power. But the internal memo went on to describe NBC's nightmare scenario where *Donahue* would become "a home for the liberal, antiwar agenda at the same time that our competitors are waving the flag at every opportunity." So they got rid of Donahue, stifled dissent and picked up the flag.

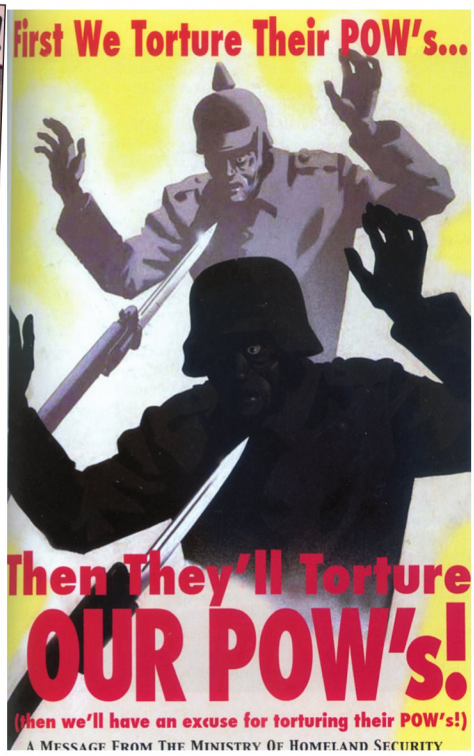
Was that also because the corporate media had their hands out, looking for more deregulation from the Bush government? *(continued on page 86)*


WHEN WE LAST SAW KATHERINE HARRIS, SHE WAS BEING SUCKED DOWN A GAPING ASSHOLE OF INSIGNIFICANT, POLITICAL OBSCURITY...
POLITICAL OBSCURITY
McLeady

"It's way better than a laptop. It's totally portable, doesn't need a battery, and when you want to see another pussy, you just turn the page!"


NEVER
LET ANOTHER BUSH INTO THE WHITE HOUSE

You Bet We're Listening!
Only Al Qaeda Suiciders
have anything to hide from Lady Liberty!
A Message From The Ministry Of Homeland Security

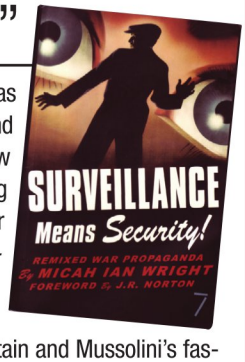

First We Torture Their POW's...
Then They'll Torture
OUR POW's!
(then we'll have an excuse for torturing their POW's!)
A Message From The Ministry Of Homeland Security

KEEP 'EM COMING!
Without pointless wars,
our economy will collapse!
A Message From The Ministry Of Homeland Security

SEIZE CONTROL
OF YOUR LOCAL
SCHOOL BOARD!
JESUS WANTS
FOR YOU TO...
DESTROY EVOLUTION
& SEX EDUCATION!
A Message From The Ministry Of Homeland Security

SURVEILLANCE MEANS SECURITY!

"THOUGHT POLICEMAN" ED RAMPELL ON WHY WRIGHT IS "WRONG"

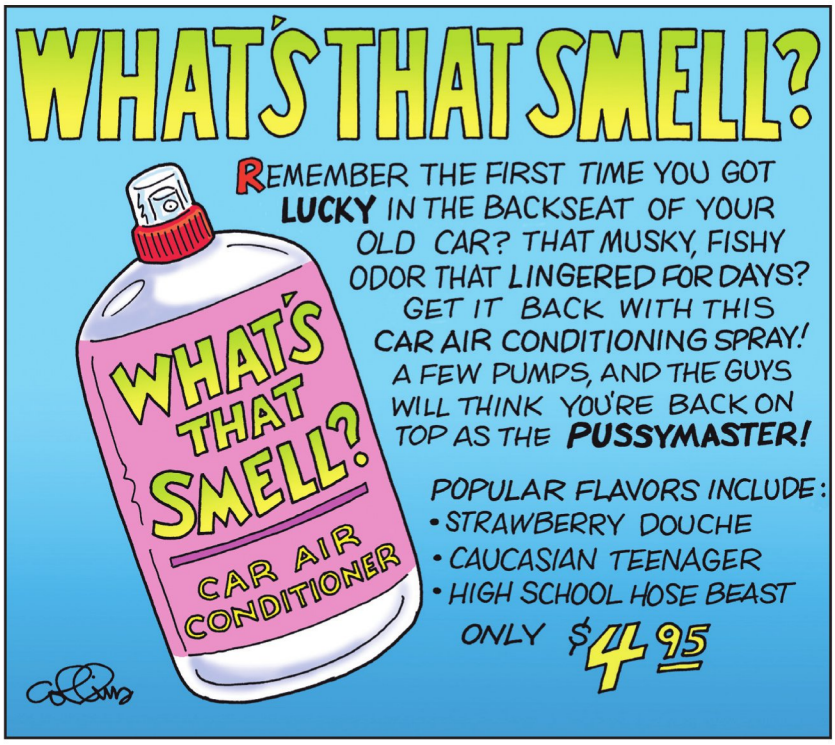


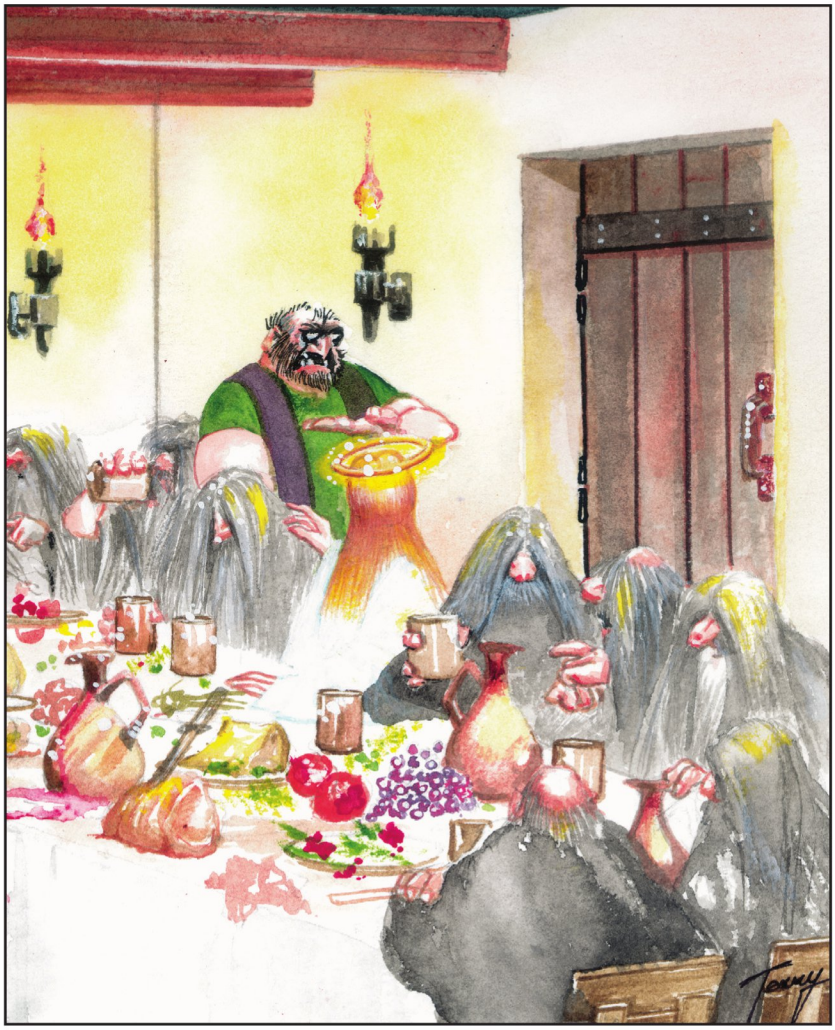
IN HIS LATEST BOOK, graphic rabble-rouser Micah Ian Wright has montaged inflammatory materials from a pivotal period in history and turned them into contemporary agitprop opposing Bush's brave new world. Just like his counterparts in the hip-hop world, where sampling is a mainstay, Wright boldly defies the powers-that-be and their Orwellian tactics. His visual and literary "thought crimes" in *Surveillance Means Security!* challenge PATRIOT Acts, preemptive war, torture, extraordinary rendition, domestic spying, etc.

Wright dug up World War II-era posters from America, Canada, Britain and Mussolini's fascist Italy, then cleverly revamped their imagery and slogans into biting broadsides blitzing Bushworld's Big Brotherism. Worth noting, a number of the vintage posters were originally created by such notables as magazine illustrator Norman Rockwell and political artist Ben Shahn.

Along with his marvelous morphs, Wright verbally savages the Bush junta with a scathing, take-no-prisoners wit—and footnotes to back up the allegations. Opposite a 1940 British poster depicting bayonets pointed at German soldiers, in which Wright has incorporated the slogan "First We Torture Their POW's…Then They'll Torture OUR POW's!" he wryly observes: "Of the 759 detainees the administration admits to holding…at Gitmo, 192 have been freed…. [W]ell over half of these sinister 'enemy combatants' turned out to be not so bad after all."

Pick up Micah Ian Wright's remarkable book, published by Seven Stories Press, before the Thought Police burn it!


WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU GOT LUCKY IN THE BACKSEAT OF YOUR OLD CAR? THAT MUSKY, FISHY ODOR THAT LINGERED FOR DAYS? GET IT BACK WITH THIS CAR AIR CONDITIONING SPRAY! A FEW PUMPS, AND THE GUYS WILL THINK YOU'RE BACK ON TOP AS THE PUSSYMASTER!
WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
CAR AIR CONDITIONER
POPULAR FLAVORS INCLUDE:
• STRAWBERRY DOUCHE
• CAUCASIAN TEENAGER
• HIGH SCHOOL HOSE BEAST
ONLY $4.95



"Effin' measly tip! You oughta be crucified!"

JEFF COHEN

(continued from page 83) That's one factor. Media conglomerates were pushing Bush's FCC [Federal Communications Commission] to loosen the ownership rules. But TV news channels were also gearing up for war; they knew the war would be a surefire ratings winner.

The sausage factory of news is a strict corporate hierarchy, where the bosses and owners have the most power. At MSNBC the owner is General Electric, which makes money from war. At Fox you have a right-wing owner, Rupert Murdoch. He was pushing for the Iraq invasion on three different continents. At CBS the owner is Sumner Redstone, who endorsed Bush in 2004, saying, "A Republican administration is better for big media companies."

If news rooms were doing their job for the American public and asking the questions that needed to be asked, that also might have interfered with the owners getting what they wanted from Bush's FCC.

Isn't it also true that reporters know it's not in their interest to do exposés or stories that rile their bosses?

Yes, the result is self-censorship. After a while people know what's acceptable and what's not. The occasional firing also sends a very powerful message to those who remain inside. Everyone realizes people move up not because they're tough journalists, but because they're good at not offending politicians and sponsors.

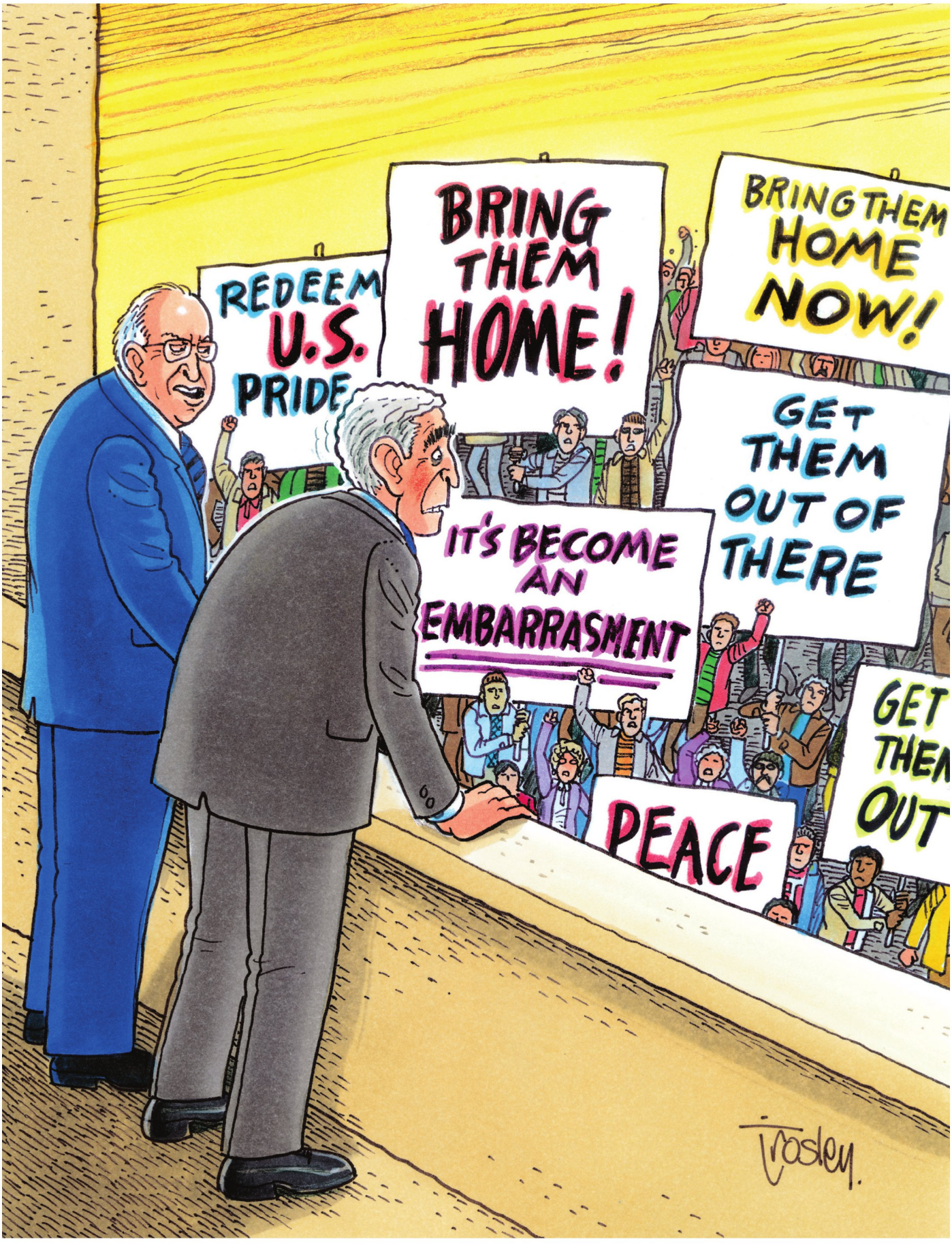
There are some conscientious people in mainstream media, but the ones who rise to the top are the least principled. You always hear right-wingers say, "What we need is a meritocracy, where people advance based on their ability and achievement." But corporate media is the exact opposite. The dictionary has a word for it: *kakistocracy*, rule by the worst.

I am not aware of a single TV news executive, anchor, correspondent or so-called expert who lost their job for getting such a huge story—the run-up to the Iraq war—so totally wrong. But those of us who got it right got kicked out.

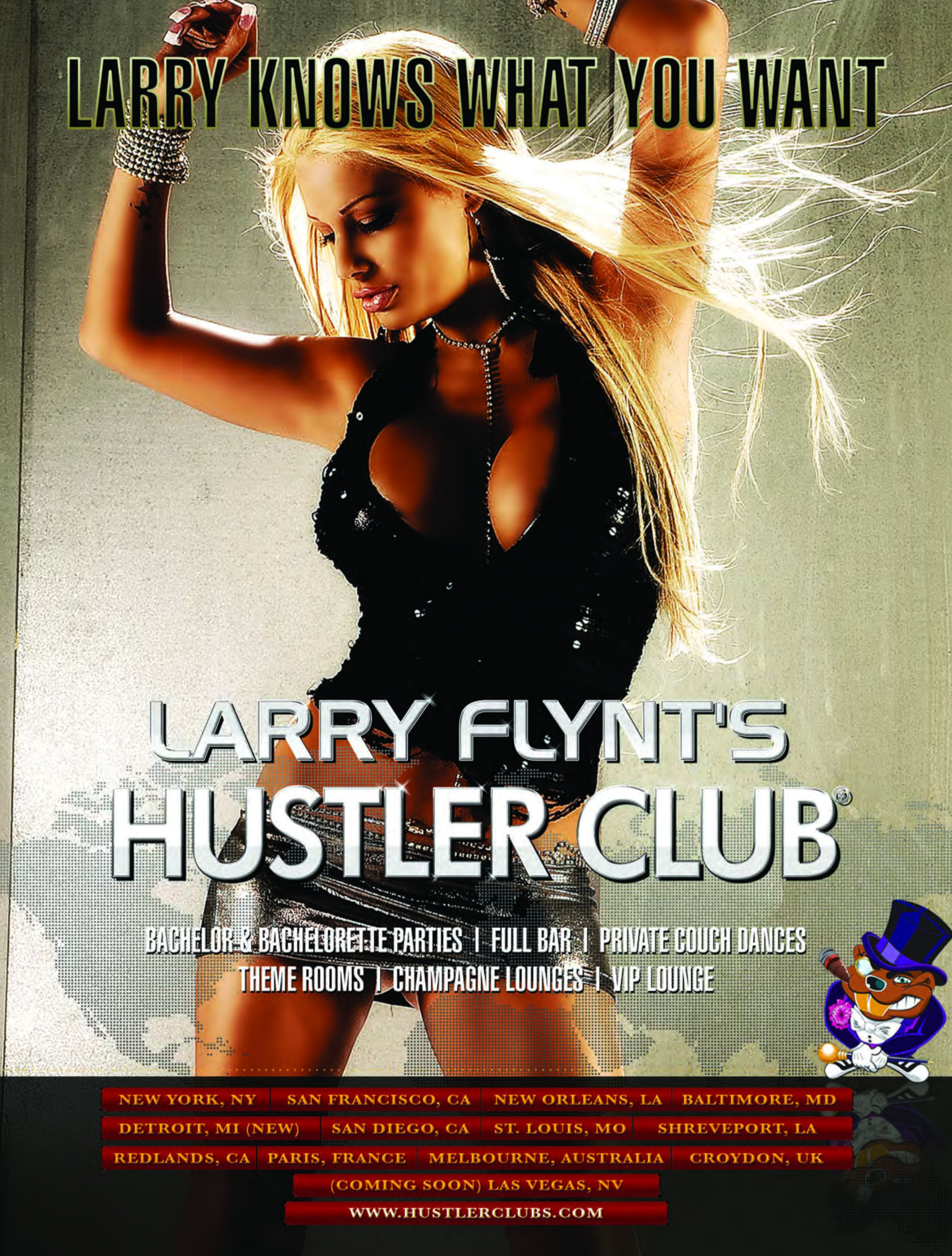
Is there any hope things will improve?

The good news is the media reform movement has gotten more aggressive. There are all sorts of reforms being proposed. But in the long run the key is to build up independent media, safe from corporate interests and advertisers.

I started FAIR 20 years ago with the slogan, "Don't take the media lying down." The American people need to understand that the media are political institutions. They're every bit as political as Congress and the White House. We need to actively challenge big media. Even if we can't change the content on the inside, at least we can show our fellow citizens that these corporate-owned outlets are not trustworthy.



"No, not the troops in Iraq, Mr. President. They want your daughters Jenna and Barbara out of Argentina...."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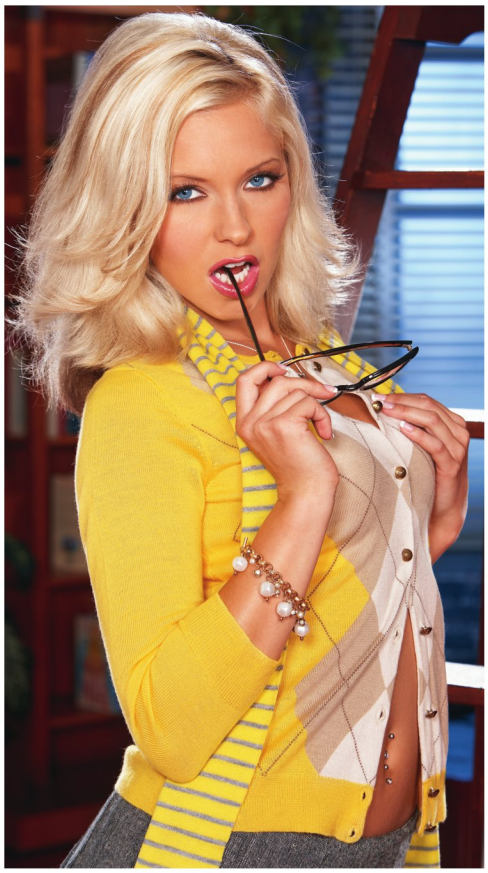
ADULT EDUCATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER

Lovely **Ashlyn Page** could teach you a few things. “I’ve always been an aggressive chick,” she reveals. “When I meet a guy or a girl I’m into, I make the first move. Maybe it’s a control thing, but I find it sexy.” Does that mean the petite Russian demands being on top? “I love to ride it both normally and reverse cowgirl. There are other positions that are good, but for a guaranteed orgasm, I have to mount a man. I get pretty crazy in the bedroom!”

Exactly what kind of dude does **Ashlyn** get crazy with? “All kinds!” she exclaims. “I prefer to get it on with younger men. That way I can tell them what to do, but that doesn’t mean I wouldn’t do an older guy. In college I once had sex with one of my professors. It was really wrong, but that’s maybe what made it hot. Also, I needed to get a better grade.”



ASHLYN PAGE

Getting to make the grade as a HUSTLER centerfold, **Ashlyn** sheds light on how her nude-modeling career got started. “If I get a few drinks in me,” she confides, “I’m a bit of a daredevil. I once got very drunk and ended up running naked through a college frat party. Everyone really liked seeing me that way, and I look good, so I decided to make a living being naked.”

Out of the limelight, **Ashlyn** isn’t as wild and crazy as people might think. “I’m kind of a homebody when I’m not working,” she says. “I love to curl up near a warm fireplace with a cup of hot chocolate and a good book. It would be nice to have a guy to share that with, but right now I’m single.”

BACKLASH

ASHLYN'S VITAL FACTS

BIRTHPLACE: Russia
AGE: 20
BIRTH SIGN: Taurus
HEIGHT: 5-4
WEIGHT: 112
BUST SIZE: 34A

Two blond bimbos and a daffy brunette were walking on the beach one sunny day when a seagull flew by and pooped on one of the blondes.

"I'll go and get some toilet paper," the brunette quickly offered.

After their pal left, the zapped blonde said to the other, "Jeez, what a dummy! By the time she gets back, that seagull will be miles away!"

Question: What do you call 144 George W. Bush supporters?

Answer: Gross ignorance.

During a commercial flight a U.S. Marine was seated next to a young mother and her baby boy. When the infant began crying during the landing descent, the mom nursed him as discreetly as possible.

The Marine pretended not to notice and, upon disembarking, gallantly offered to help the MILF with her carry-ons. At the baggage carousel he looked at the little one and said, "Gosh, that's a good-looking baby. He sure was hungry!"

Somewhat embarrassed, the mother explained that her pediatrician had told her that breast-feeding would help alleviate the pressure in the baby's ears.

The jarhead sadly shook his head and muttered,"Damn! And all these years I've been chewing gum!"

Question: Did you hear about the plastic surgeon with a small dick?

Answer: He hung himself.

A man and a woman were sitting side by side in the waiting room of a hospital donation center. "What brings you here?" the man asked.

"Oh, I'm here to donate some blood," the woman replied. "They're going to give me $5 for it."

"Hmm, that's interesting," the man said. "I'm here to donate sperm, but they pay me 25 bucks."

They chatted some more before going their separate ways, then ran into each other again at the donation center a few months later.

"Hi there!" the man remarked. "Here to donate blood again?"

"Nuh-uh," the woman mumbled, trying to keep her mouth closed.

Question: What is the difference between the U.S. Congress and the Library of Congress?

Answer: In the Library of Congress, you aren't allowed to lick the pages.

A blonde called her boyfriend and implored, "You have to help me. I have a killer jigsaw puzzle, and I can't get it started."

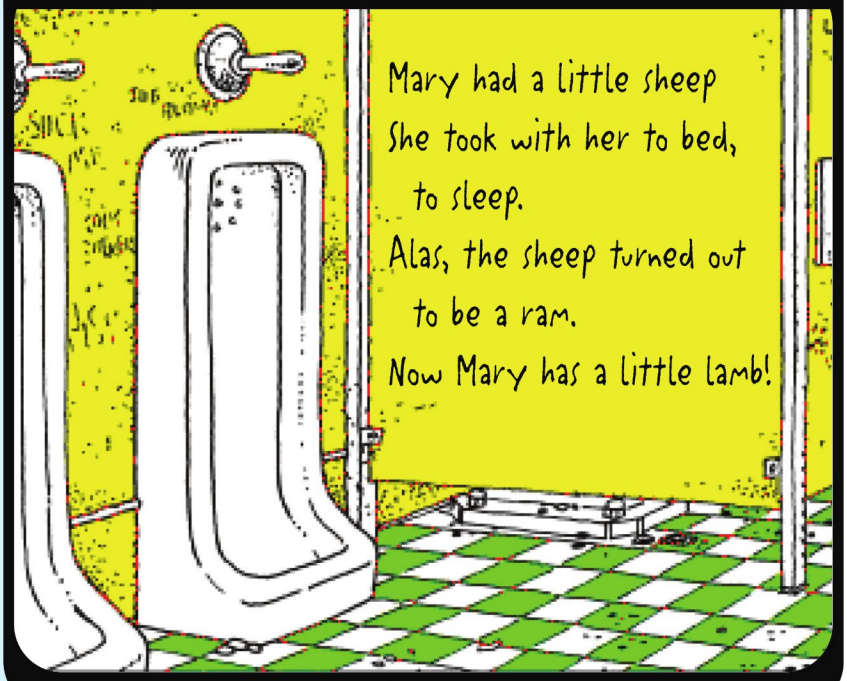
"What's it supposed to be when it's finished?" the guy asked.

"According to the picture on the box, it's a Bengal tiger," the girl replied.

After the blonde's dutiful boyfriend rushed over, he found the broken-up puzzle scattered across a table. He studied the pieces for a moment, looked at the box, then turned to his girlfriend and ruefully said, "First of all, dear, no matter what we do, we're not going to be able to assemble these pieces into anything resembling a tiger."

The blonde began to get upset, whereupon her boyfriend took her hand. "Second," he continued consolingly, "I want you to relax. Let's have a nice cup of tea and then," he sighed, "let's put all these Frosted Flakes back in the box."

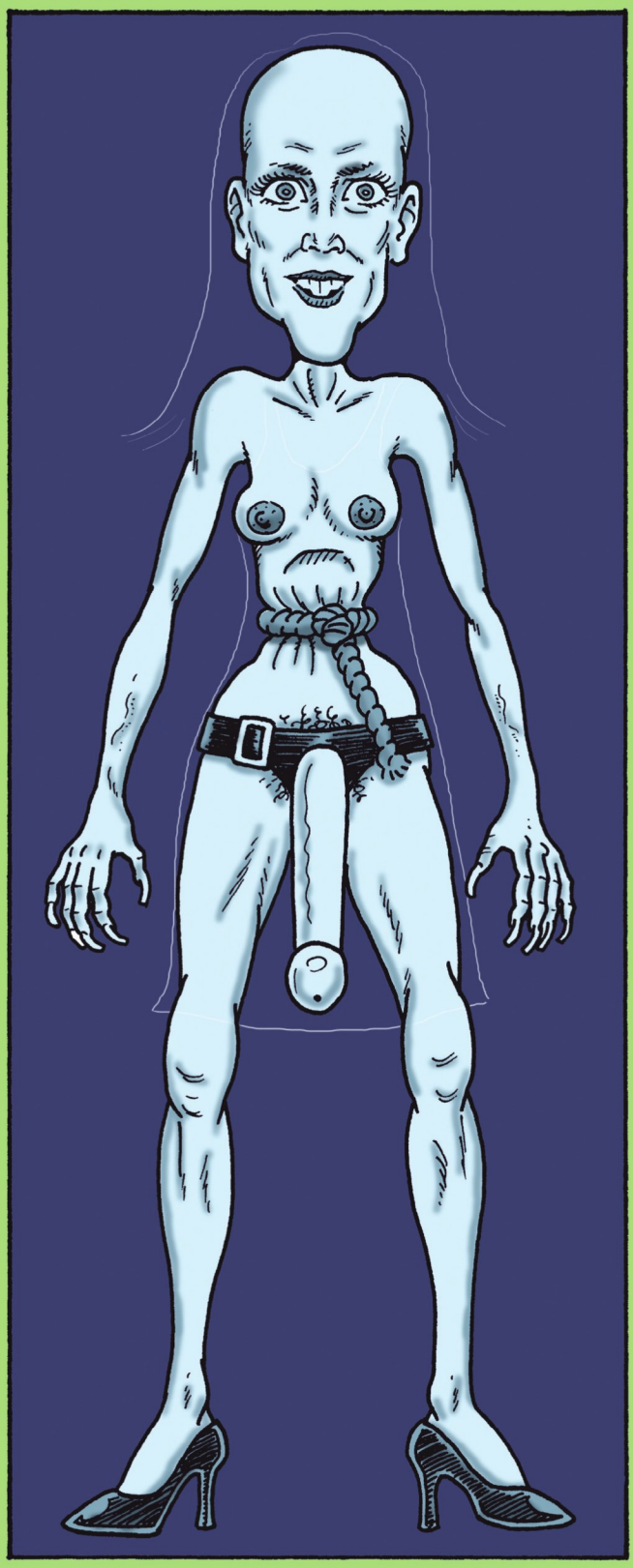
GRAFFILTHY



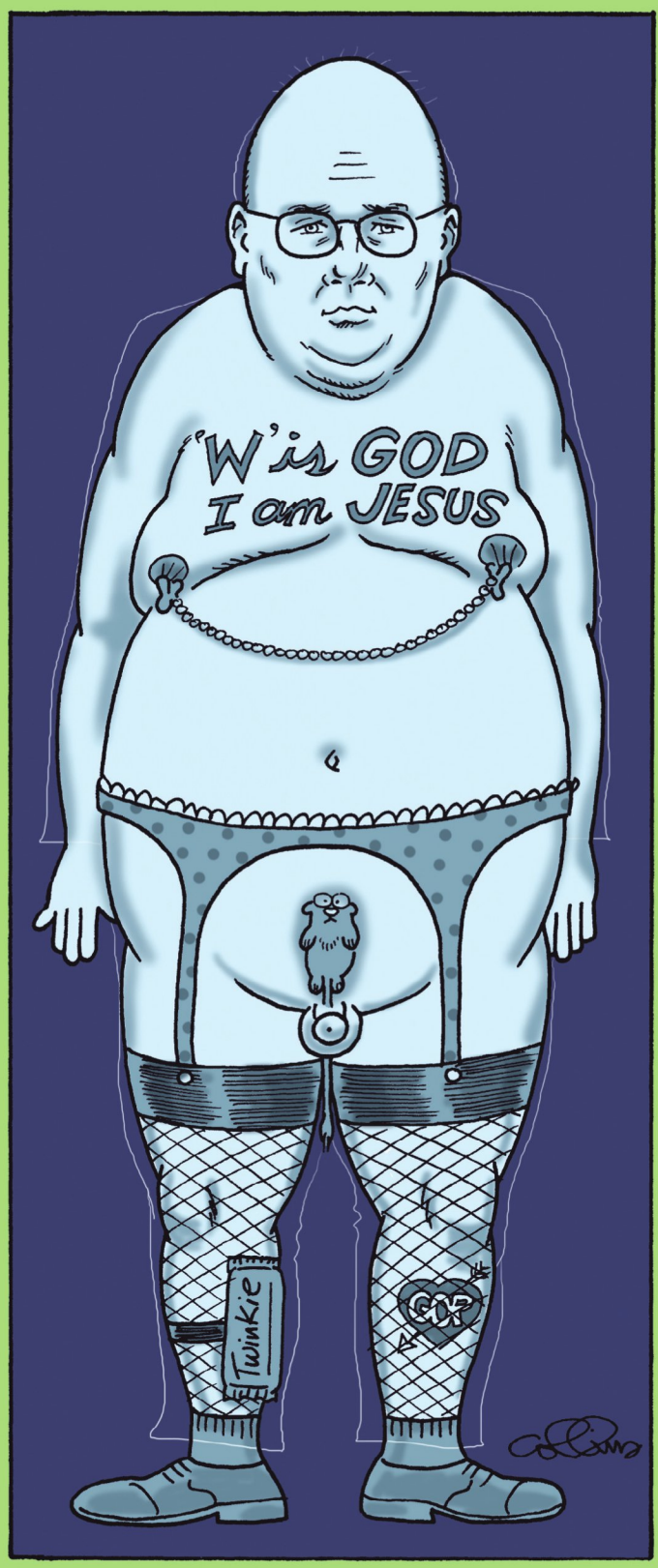
Thanks and $50 go to Norman B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

CELEBRITY AIRPORT X-RAYS



ANN COULTER



KARL ROVE

PHOTO COURTESY ROADRUNNER RECORDS

"Oi! Who you callin' a shirtlifter?" Cradle of Filth, left to right: guitarist Paul Allender, bassist Dave Pybus, vocalist Dani Filth, keyboardist Martin Powell and drummer Adrian Erlandsson, who recently left the fold.

A DAZE IN THE FILTHY LIFE

ENGLAND'S VAMPIRE ARISTOCRATS CRADLE OF FILTH are such a hit in their homeland that they can barely walk down the street without being besieged. Now the two core members have come to America to enjoy a little anonymity and to promote the group's new Roadrunner album, *Thornography*, a walloping slab of dark metal released stateside on Halloween 2006.

"The sky seems to go on forever," muses Dani Filth, vocalist, lyricist and architect of the controversial black-metal band. It's a bright, sunny day in Beverly Hills, and Filth is reclining in the shotgun seat of this reporter's Mustang convertible as it slowly makes its way down congested Wilshire Boulevard. Next week the group embarks on a month-long-plus European tour, with gigs at most of the continent's metal fests, but now Filth is basking in the sun, a decidedly nonvampiric maneuver.

The singer stretches out, chatting about the pricey TVR automobile he's purchasing and his new vacation home in India. "It's so hot in India," he grumbles. "It's hot here, but in England it gets worse—hotter than India even."

Our destination is Los Angeles International Airport to pick up his wife, Toni, who had to stay behind when Dani and Allender left for the States. She showed up at the terminal with a passport bearing her maiden name, while her ticket was issued in her married name. "Fucking ridiculous!" Filth mutters.

We make a brief stop at the Westwood Village Memorial Park, the final resting place of Frank Zappa, Roy Orbison and numerous other celebrities. Filth is clad in black leather

PHOTO COURTESY ROADRUNNER RECORDS

Dani and Paul wait for some SoCal soul food.

pants and a black T-shirt, but even more noticeable are the ghostly blue contact lenses that offset his ebony dreadlocks. Strolling through the tiny graveyard, Filth pauses at the tombs of Marilyn Monroe, Dean Martin and Rodney Dangerfield.

We're almost at LAX when Filth asks, in his proper British accent, "Can we hit a bar, please?" Not a bad idea at all. As an incoming jetliner roars over our heads, we pull into the parking lot of a sports bar. Inside, the crowd is a racially mixed bag of working-class stiffs, all staring at television screens showing an assortment of pro football games.

"Fucking Chargers!" shouts a rugged-looking, twentyish Latina. "That's fucking holding, man! Why are the refs…?" Then she almost goes into shock. "What the fuck?!"

Now everyone else stops talking and fixates on the decidedly out-of-place Englishman. "I'd like a gin and tonic, please," he requests, trying to be heard over the announcers' play-by-play. As the customers—many donning team jerseys—continue to gawk, the bartender gives the goth metaller a curious look and hands him his drink. Before long, the barflies are watching football again.

Moments later, Filth decides to leave—with his gin and tonic in hand. "HEY, YOU CAN'T TAKE YOUR DRINK OUTSIDE, DUDE!" the bartender hollers, heading out the door in pursuit.

"Sorry," Dani tells him before quickly downing the spirits. "I guess you can't do that in this country," he quips. Actually, you can't do that in his country either.

After a half hour of airport gridlock, the Filths are reunited, Toni's luggage is stowed in the trunk, and we head off for a night on the town. Toni—an attractive, bosomy blonde making her first visit to America—settles into the backseat, bemoaning the 14-hour journey. Dani and Toni want to try something "local," so it's off to El Coyote, a Hollywood landmark since 1931. Of course, when you come from a country that boasts taverns in existence for several hundred years, an establishment that's been around for "only" 75 years hardly seems impressive. Still, it's the Filths' first trip to a genuine Mexican restaurant, and both admire the colorful hacienda decor.

"Very nice, very Los Angeles, I suppose," Dani remarks. A waiter approaches, and the Brit has nearby patrons and serving people amused when he inquires, "Are you Indian?"

"Qué?" the waiter replies.

"I say, where are you from?" Filth persists. "India?"

The confused waiter shakes his head and corrects, "No, señor. *Me-hico.*"

Despite the slightly embarrassing encounter, Filth tries to wade deeper into L.A.'s diverse culture. He orders a strawberry margarita, which is promptly delivered to our table. As soon as he takes a sip, he's spitting in disgust. "Yecch, what the hell is that?!" a horrified Filth exclaims, looking at the blended red drink. "Let me have a gin and tonic!"

Dani and Toni are then driven to Hollywood's venerable Formosa Café, once the *I Love Lucy* gang's favorite watering hole. Surrounded by a photo gallery of Tinseltown luminaries past and present, the Filths settle into a plush leather booth. We order a round of mai tais, which both Brits quickly disdain. "Ecch!" Dani pouts, pushing away the fruity rum libation. "Lemme have a gin and tonic!"

The next day, Dani and Toni are accompanied by Cradle guitarist Paul Allender and his wife, along with the group's manager and a rep from Roadrunner Records. Shirking an invitation for English food, the entourage decides on Roscoe's House of Chicken N' Waffles, a popular entertainment-biz eatery just yards away from where a pioneering movie studio set up shop almost a hundred years ago.

Allender wolfs down his fried chicken and waffles while his cohorts look suspiciously at their lunch. "Good stuff," he grunts between mouthfuls. With that, Filth hands him an uneaten breast from his own plate.

Afterward, Filth heads over to the HUSTLER offices for a brief solo visit, signing autographs, posing for pictures and checking the company's Halloween costume contest. A few hours later he and Allender are at the Hot Topic store in Hollywood, with hundreds of fans lining up to meet the duo. "I love this country," Filth declares during a brief respite.

By the time this issue goes on sale, Cradle of Filth should be winding up their first North American headlining tour. Margaritas notwithstanding, the first two scheduled concert sites were south of the border—in Monterrey and Mexico City.

—Tom Farrell

Dani popped into HUSTLER headquarters and gave us a glowing review.

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

NEWS

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD ÜBER ALLES

MTV has released the awe-inspiring *Beavis and Butt-head: The Mike Judge Collection* DVD box set, which provides the original three volumes of episodes compiled by the creator of the moronic sidekicks, as well as a "Special Collector's Edition" of the *Beavis and Butt-head Do America* movie. This companion disc features commentary by Mike Judge and animation director Yvette Kaplan, a behind-the-scenes segment, a look at the film's music, TV spots, teasers and "The Smackdown"—a montage of fights and slaps from the hilarious flick.

Each of the three volumes offers two DVDs filled with Judge's favorite episodes from the animated series, which was aired on MTV from 1993 to 1997. The third disc of every volume contains an impressive extras section that merits a special look. Each of these supplementary discs presents an installment of the "Taint of Greatness" trilogy, which chronicles the boob tube journey of Beavis and Butt-head through clips and interviews. The extras area is also stocked with promos, rare clips and priceless B&B moments.

Highlights of Volume I's extras section include our heroes' 1994 Video Music Awards (VMA) appearance (during which David Letterman goes upside Beavis's head) and the dimwitted duo's stint as on-the-scene MTV reporters covering New York City's annual Thanksgiving Day parade. On that memorable occasion, Butt-head tells colleague Kurt Loder, "Hey, Loder, I got a newscast for ya. I'm freezing my nut sac off!"

The standout extras of Volume II include Snoop Dogg interacting with the animated antagonists in clips culled from MTV's *Beavis and Butt-head Marathon*, the Calvin Klein ad parodies and unaired spots that were destined to appear in *I Love the 90s*.

One of our favorite Volume III extras is "Frog Baseball," the graphic *Beavis and Butt-head* pilot that probably didn't leave a lot of PETA members too happy. We also have two more recommendations. First is the numskulls' 1997 "Brooklyn Press Conference," which was televised just one week before the series' final episode, "Beavis and Butt-head Are Dead." Second is an assemblage of 2005 VMA clips, featuring the twosome urging viewers to vote them back onto MTV. "We're better than Green Day," asserts Butt-head, who wants the audience to refer to him as Butt Diddy.

But the one extras item in the *Mike Judge Collection* DVD box set that really caught our attention was the compilation of clips showing the two couch potatoes watching MTV videos. We couldn't resist compiling our favorite observations as Beavis and Butt-head ventured into the demanding world of rock journalism.

"This guy's dad must have kicked his ass when he was a kid." —*Butt-head on Pantera's angry singer, Phil Anselmo*

"These guys suck so bad, they have to go to their concerts in armored vehicles!" —*Butt-head on posturing '80s metalheads Grim Reaper*

"This video speaks less to the heart and more to the sphincter." —*An oxygen-deprived Beavis on Korn's "Blind" video*

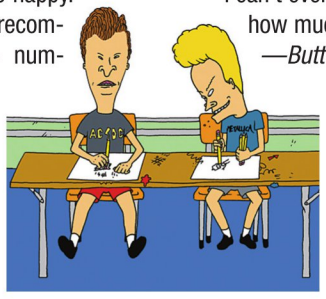
"It sucked, but at least it was short!" —*Butt-head on the "Stars" video of misunderstood alt-rockers Hum*

"Boy, this is horrible!" —*Butt-head on grandiose black metallers Mercyful Fate*

"He's a turd burglar!" —*Beavis on King Diamond, Mercyful Fate's histrionic, makeup-wearing frontman*

"Madonna's like always masturbating in her videos." —*Butt-head on the pop queen's erotically charged "Secret" video*

"I can't even begin to talk about how much this sucks!" —*Butt-head going medieval on Poison's "I Want Action"*

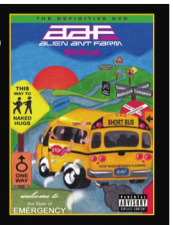


"I'll bet these guys practice their little wussy dance moves." —*Butt-head's follow-up on "I Want Action"*

SIX-PACK

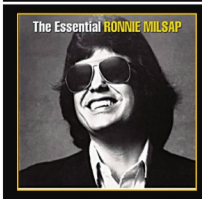
Six CDs and DVDs that deserve mention.

ALIEN ANT FARM
BUSted: The Definitive DVD
Universal Music



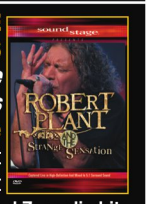
Best known for their punk-pop cover of Michael Jackson's "Smooth Criminal," Alien Ant Farm don't take many things seriously. But they weren't joking about making this "the definitive DVD." BUSted features all 13 of the band's videos (who knew?), an entire live concert and a candid documentary of the outfit's highs and lows—including 2002's tragic bus crash, at which they poke fun in the CD's title. —*Kevin Wright*

RONNIE MILSAP
The Essential Ronnie Milsap
RCA Nashville/Legacy



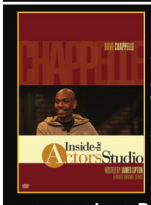
Spanning his entire 30-year career, this 40-song double disc features the legendary Smoky Mountain crooner's biggest hits and even a few hard-to-find tracks. A must-have for Milsap fans and country aficionados alike. —*Tom Farrell*

ROBERT PLANT AND THE STRANGE SENSATIONS
Robert Plant and the Strange Sensations
Rounder/Zoe



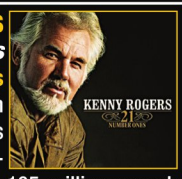
Armed with updated arrangements that breathe new life into old classics, Plant saunters and ambles through his solo and Led Zeppelin hits to an intimate crowd of freshly scrubbed Chicago yuppies. Filmed for PBS's *Soundstage* series. —*T.F.*

DAVE CHAPPELLE
Inside the Actors Studio
A&E Home Video



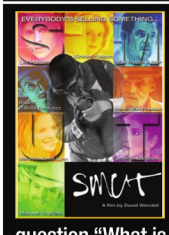
When funnyman Dave Chappelle walked away from his hit TV show and tens of millions of dollars, he shocked the world. Soon after returning to the U.S., the comic appeared on Bravo's *Inside the Actors Studio* (now on DVD), offering perhaps the most honest and coherent explanation of why he did what he did. —*Keith Valcourt*

KENNY ROGERS
Kenny Rogers: 21 Number Ones
EMI Records



Like the title says, almost two dozen of the country legend's chart-toppers are here in this remarkable compilation. Rogers has sold a staggering 105 million records worldwide, received three Grammy Awards, 11 People's Choice Awards, 18 American Music Awards and eight Country Music Awards. So buy it already! —*T.F.*

SMUT
Future Farmer Pictures



A loner hits the road with a videocamera in hand, looking for the meaning of life. After his motorcycle breaks down, he ends up working in an adult-book store and mingling with an array of oddballs. Since the DVD asks the provocative question "What is smut?" you'd expect it to be a little sexy and somewhat interesting. It's anything but. *Smut* is absolutely dreadful. —*K.V.*

"No, no, no, Britney! You owe it to your public to get *professional* hair care."

GAME ON

BY TOM FARRELL

AFRAID OF THE DARK?

Sony Online Entertainment has released ***Untold Legends: Dark Kingdom*** for the PS3. The action RPG takes advantage of the mighty PS3 power plant, offering jaw-dropping high-def graphics, brilliant SFX and 7.1 audio, physics-based gameplay and online multiplayer capability. Downloadable content will be available after the game's launch. For the storyline, ***Dark Kingdom*** engaged renowned sci-fantasy author Keith Baker, the pen behind many best-selling ***Dungeons & Dragons*** books. Baker's teleplay has characters returning home after being dispatched to quell a barbarian uprising in a far-off land, only to find that malevolent forces have overtaken the king. Kind of like what's going on with Bush.

RISE AGAINST

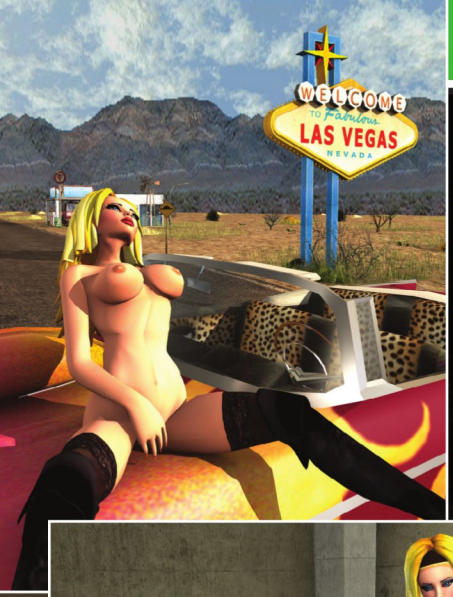
From **Big Huge Games**, the creators of the critically lauded ***Rise of Nations***, comes ***Rise of Legends***, an epic real-time strategy game for the PC. This title puts you in charge of one of three warring nations caught up in a triangular conflict, each with its own distinct persona and battle creations. Incredible graphics and gameplay.

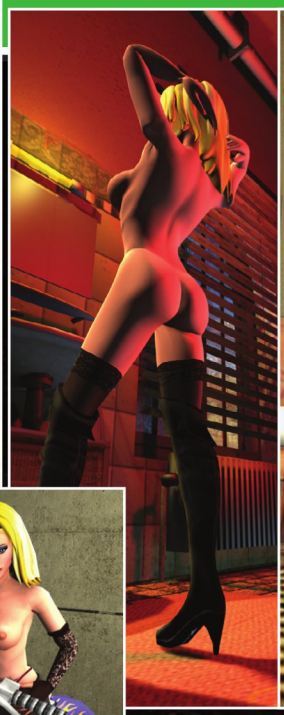
ANSWER THE CALL

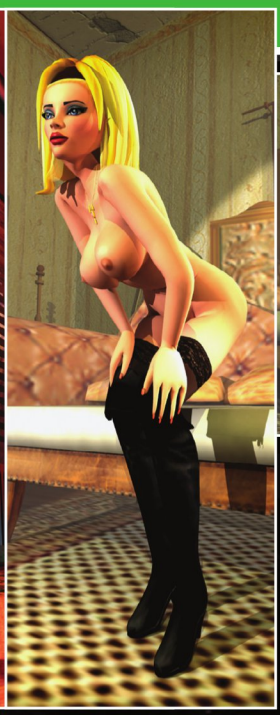
With ***Call of Duty 3***, **Activision** may have put out the best WWII action game ever. This time you're fighting to liberate France following the D-Day invasion, only so the French could treat us like shit 60 years later. ***CoD3*** drops you into the combat boots of U.S., British, Canadian or Polish soldiers who wind up in a frighteningly realistic battlefield lined with hi-def graphics, detailed character renderings and unbelievable onscreen action. Available for the Xbox 360, PS3, Nintendo Wii, PS2 and Xbox. We highly recommend the PS3 version with the incredible ***Sixaxis*** controller, which allows you to utilize the motion-sensing option to steer vehicles, perform melee and set off explosives. You know what's so cool about the intense reality of ***Call of Duty 3***? It provides a slight window into what the Allied soldiers had to endure so we could enjoy our basic freedoms.

A RAZER-SHARP KEYBOARD

Razer has announced the availability of the ***Tarantula***, a high-tech gaming "smart" keyboard. The ***Tarantula*** offers antighosting and antijamming for multiple key depressions, a unique ***Hyperesponse*** system for maximum response time, ten additional macro keys and an ambient light source, enabling the keys to be adequately visible for gaming in dimly lit or even dark settings.







SHE'S A LULA!

We just can't get enough of **CDV**'s politically incorrect PC game ***Lula 3D***, which we first raved about in our March '07 issue. Now it's time to uncover the pixelated pussycat and offer a few choice tips to help you guide Lula on her quest to locate those missing porn chicks:

1. Never choose "Inform Police" for a dialogue option. It ends the game and lets all your friends know what a fucking rat you are.
2. Always order drinks for the girls. This works in real life too.
3. Don't forget to feed the cat. Seriously.
4. In the Service Area (Level 4) use the knife to slash the tires before taking on the gunman. It takes about eight jabs to take him down.
5. Always talk to beggars.

"Not another Eon McKai flick!"

START YOUR ENGINES!

EA's ***NASCAR 07*** puts you behind the wheel of a powerful stock car for the ultimate adrenaline rush, striving to take the checkered flag at speeds of almost 200 m.p.h. This version has an improved driving system, sound and graphics. For the PS2 and PSP.

DON'T FORGET ABOUT IT!

THQ delivers Tony Soprano and his gang of "associates" with the highly anticipated ***The Sopranos: Road to Respect***, exclusively for the PS2. The game's all-new storyline, created in part by David Chase, features a good deal of voice-overs from the series' stars, including James Gandolfini, Michael Imperioli, Tony Sirico and Steven Van Zandt. With lifelike renditions of the principal characters and locations, **THQ** has really gone out of the way to make you feel like you're part of the show. For example, you can head down to the Bada Bing!, enjoy some Italian food at Vesuvio's, play poker with Tony and his cronies, and earn respect through a punishing combat system that includes verbal intimidation, arm-breaking and nut twists. The incredible game also offers a variety of makeshift weapons, from filing cabinets to meat slicers. Kind of like HUSTLER's notorious editorial meetings.

MOVIE Mammaries

Melanie Griffith

NIGHT MOVES

THIS MONTH we take an extended look at **Melanie Griffith**'s mighty and oh-so-impressive body of work. Long before she became known as the aged **Mrs. Antonio Banderas**, the twice ex-**Mrs. Don Johnson** and her now collagen-bloated lips starred in dozens of "tit-rific" big-budget films. We go way back to the beginning when the daughter of **Tippi Hedren** was exactly the kind of starlet we all love: one so desperate to get the public's love and attention that she didn't mind spending lots of time naked and in simulated sex scenes on the silver screen. We aren't exaggerating when we say lots!

Starting in 1975, a then-just-turned-18 **Griffith** appeared topless in the unfairly forgotten *Smile*. That same year she again showcased her healthy jugs in *Night Moves*, a flick that features an exciting skinny-dip. With the right DVD player, you can actually pause and see young **Melanie**'s beaver. In 1977 she got down and dirty during some alfresco loving and nature walks in *Ha-Gan*, followed by the feature *Joyride*, which offered some steamy shower scenes and a look at her dainty derriere.

Griffith jumped into the 1980s with several topless turns that became star-making moves for the immodest beauty. As a stripper in the must-see *Fear City* (1984), she shakes those ta-tas like a pro. Later

HA-GAN

Rent These NOW!

SHORT CUTS

BOOGIE NIGHTS

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

JOYRIDE

NOBODY'S FOOL

FEAR CITY

WORKING GIRL

that year the moviegoing public really took notice of the now platinum blonde with the awesome body and ass tattoo in **Brian De Palma**'s *Body Double*. In an attempt to ape the success of the **Madonna** vehicle *Desperately Seeking Susan*, **Melanie** starred opposite **Jeff Daniels** in the screwball comedy *Something Wild*. While not sure why she had to spend so much time in the film topless, we really don't care.

Perhaps her most lauded work came in 1988 opposite **Harrison Ford** and **Sigourney Weaver** in *Working Girl*. Although **Griffith**'s accent is hard to take—she portrays a blue-collar girl from New Jersey—her sex scene and naked-vacuuming montage are easy on the eyes. This was followed by some nipple slippage in 1990's dreadful *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, co-starring **Tom Hanks**. Sadly, for the rest of the decade **Melanie** revealed very little skin. The only two flicks worth viewing are *Shining Through* (1992) and *Nobody's Fool* (1994). The latter features a lingering look at **Melanie**'s awesome mams as she flashes co-star **Paul Newman**. Lucky old bastard!

Her most recent and skintastic showing was 2003's straight-to-video *Tempo*. We want to suggest that with her 50th birthday looming, Miss **Griffith** (sorry, ***Mrs.*** **Banderas**) might want to give a gift to her fans and do a full out nude spread for us. Come on, **Melanie**, it'll be your chance to show the world you still got it.

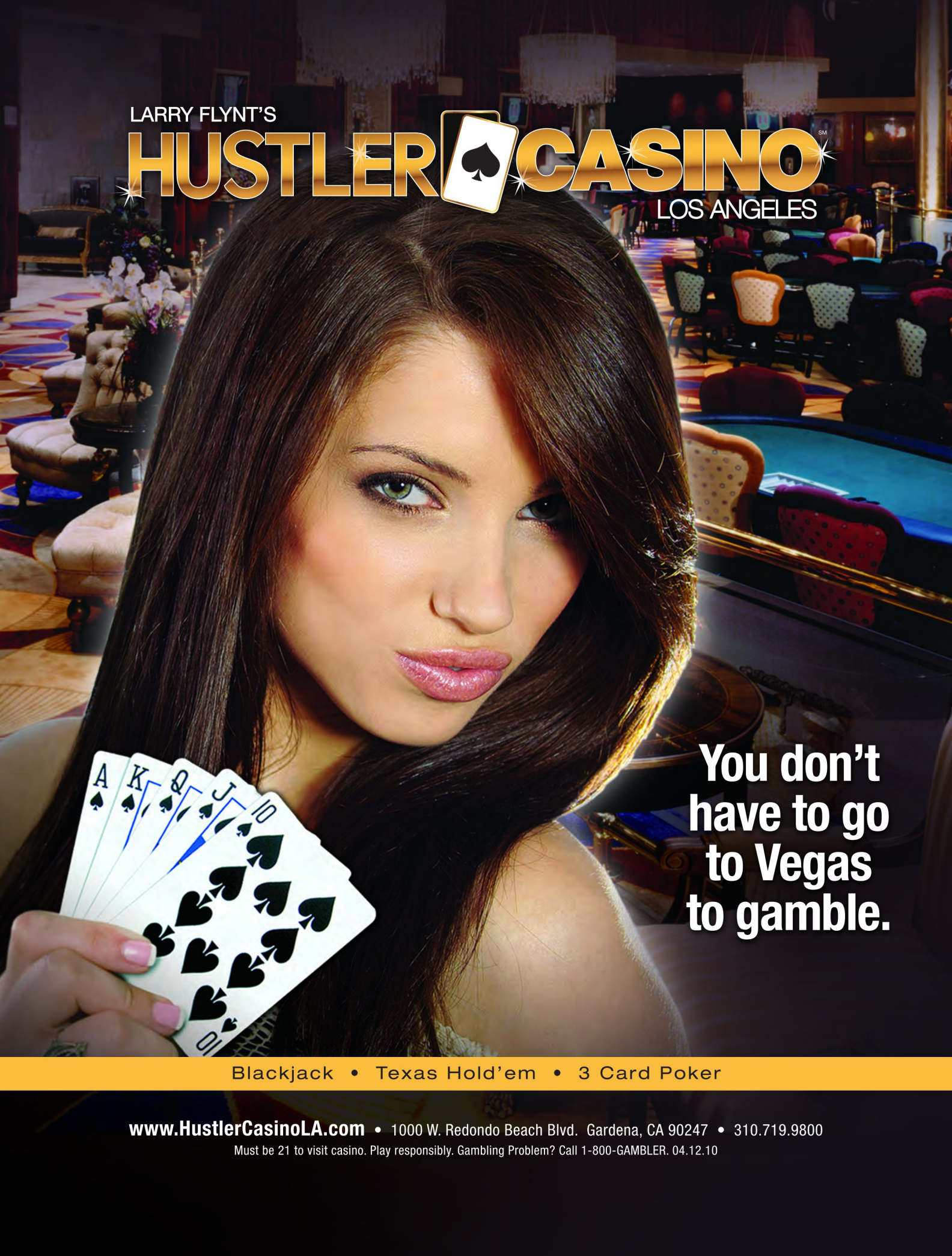
WE WANT MORE OF JULIANNE MOORE

ALTHOUGH PRIMARILY KNOWN AS a "serious actress" with praiseworthy performances in *The Hours* (opposite **Nicole Kidman**), *Far From Heaven* and the *Silence of the Lambs* sequel *Hannibal* (replacing **Jodie Foster** as **Anthony Hopkins**'s foil), **Julianne Moore**'s true talent may lie in her willingness to get naked onscreen.

After three seasons of *As the World Turns*, she left soap operas behind for a string of forgettable roles in such films as *The Gun in Betty Lou's Handbag* and *Tales From the Darkside: The Movie*. She first came to our attention in 1993 with a pair of memorable parts. In the **Madonna** thriller *Body of Evidence*, **Julianne**'s passionate sex scene with a rather unsexy **Joe Mantegna** showed us that the lady could indeed act. Then came a bush-baring rant in **Robert Altman**'s *Short Cuts*. Some fans marvel at the ensemble cast, which included **Andie MacDowell**, **Jack Lemmon**, **Robert Downey Jr.** and **Lili Taylor**. For us, it's the scene wherein **Moore** lets us know that she is indeed a natural redhead.

Julianne attained superstar status with her breakout flesh-filled performance in *Boogie Nights* (1997), director **Paul Thomas Anderson**'s fictionalized account of the porn industry in the 1970s and '80s. Portraying the adult actress wife of a blue-movie maker (**Burt Reynolds**), **Moore** has the honor of breaking in a promising new stud (**Mark Wahlberg**). We'd be remiss not mentioning that the expanded DVD edition of the critically acclaimed *Boogie Nights* offers some prolonged peeks at **Julianne**'s perfect pink puffies. In 1999 the simmering actress once again let it all hang out in *The End of the Affair*. Her simulated sexual encounters with **Ralph Fiennes** are, for our money, some of the hottest ever captured on film. Sadly, that was the last flash of her famous flesh. Although she's now 45, we hope **Julianne Moore** remembers how to *really* please an audience and does another nude scene real soon.

We hope you've enjoyed our latest suggestions. Now run out and rent these flicks today. Remember, every month HUSTLER brings you the best in cinematic flesh. Let us know what you think by e-mailing us at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.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MICKI

KICKIN' IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

It is so great that my photos in HUSTLER are of me in a tub," **Micki** marvels, "because that is my favorite place to have sex! When you fool around in the bath, you get to be clean and dirty at the exact same time. I love it because there is nothing better than getting wet."

How did this Czech waterbug end up butt naked in our illustrious magazine? "I have always been a bad girl," **Micki** fesses up. "Even at a young age I loved taking my clothes off and showing my pussy to the boys. The chance came to make a little money while parading around in the buff, and I jumped at it. Do you think your readers will like what they see?" We'd say, um…yeah!

Meanwhile, what does little **Miss M** do for fun? "I have a lot of sex with a lot of hot guys," she pipes. "That's my idea of fun. I also like to party and dance at the clubs we have here in Prague. I think if I were not a nude model, I would probably be a dancer. And not just a strip-club gal, but maybe a ballerina or what do you call them? The ones in New York City?" A Rockette? "Yes, I would be the sexiest Rockette ever!"

Whether in bed or a bathtub, what kind of guy rocks **Micki**'s boat? "I can't say I'm all that picky," she responds. "As long as they look good, smell really good and are clean, I'm good to go. They also have to know what to do. I love to come, so I need a partner who can get me off every time."

MICKI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: "All over Europe!"
AGE: 23
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-3
MEASUREMENTS: 34C-24-32

EARLY CHRISTIAN SPIN
HELLO! I'm in a lot of pain here! Where the fuck are you?!
Father, why have you forsaken me?
Mylelady.

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

JEFFERSON BE DAMNED!

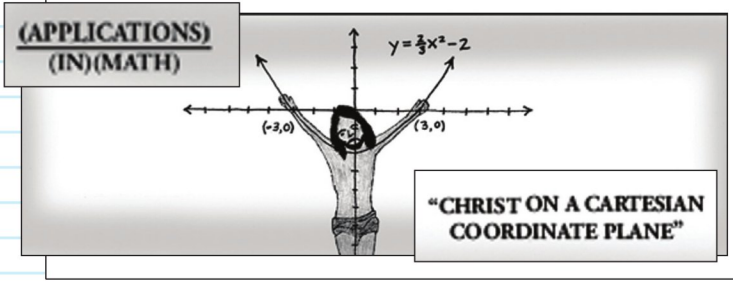
Michael Dickinson on the deity who spurred press censorship at two universities in the Founding Father's home state of Virginia.

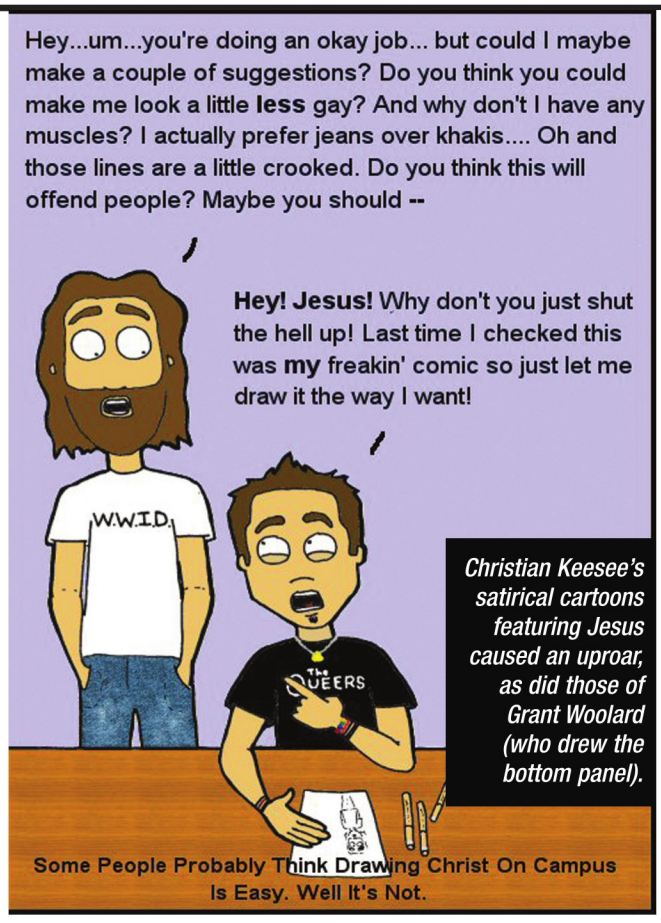
With Mohammed's image effectively banned from any type of public satire, another movement—one that would cause Thomas Jefferson to roll over in his grave—is afoot to give Christianity's most revered figure that same protection. Last spring, at Virginia's Radford University, the student-run *Whim Internet Magazine* published a cartoon series titled *Christ on Campus*. It was a far cry from the Gospels, as Jesus was depicted in various offbeat scenarios—from questioning if he had a penis to violently confronting a nonbeliever who called the "Son of God" a "glorified Easter Bunny." Outraged by the spoof, a small number of students complained to university officials. When no action was taken to remove or censor the comics, this same group addressed the local media.

"When I drew the cartoon, I thought it would be funny to have Jesus as the main character," recalls sophomore Christian Keesee. "The whole point was never to make fun of Jesus or God, but it ended up turning into a thing where I made a point about religion and Christianity. People didn't like having their flaws pointed out. When it became obvious that groups were offended, the magazine staff basically told me, 'Okay, don't stop, but don't go out of your way to be a dick. Definitely don't back down and keep drawing!'"

Whim staffers eventually published an apology, expressing that while they were sorry some found the cartoons to be objectionable, they were going to continue publishing them. Norleen Pomerantz, Radford's Vice-President for Student Affairs, issued a statement condemning the *Christ on Campus* series, saying that the university administration encouraged the student media "to consider the tastes and sensibilities of others. … Some of the cartoons published by *Whim* fall short of these standards."

A similar situation ensued at the University of Virginia this fall when the campus newspaper printed several panels from *Quirksmith*, an "experimental comic." This time, instead of just offending a number of students, the cartoons in question became the target of a special-interest group. The Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights demanded an apology after *The Cavalier Daily* published a pair of cartoons that satirized Jesus.




Hey...um...you're doing an okay job... but could I maybe make a couple of suggestions? Do you think you could make me look a little less gay? And why don't I have any muscles? I actually prefer jeans over khakis.... Oh and those lines are a little crooked. Do you think this will offend people? Maybe you should --
Hey! Jesus! Why don't you just shut the hell up! Last time I checked this was my freakin' comic so just let me draw it the way I want!
W.W.I.D.
THE QUEERS
Some People Probably Think Drawing Christ On Campus Is Easy. Well It's Not.

Christian Keesee's satirical cartoons featuring Jesus caused an uproar, as did those of Grant Woolard (who drew the bottom panel).

"I came up with the idea for the 'Christ on a Cartesian Coordinate Plane' comic in high school, while in calculus class," says Grant Woolard, the UV student who draws the *Quirksmith* strip. "I thought it would be funny to superimpose Jesus on the two axes, resembling his crucifixion, and making his arms form a parabolic curve. In the other cartoon, 'Nativity Ob-scene,' I made reference to Immaculate Conception and how it is often mistaken as the Virgin Birth, suggesting that Mary 'immaculately' contracted a sexually transmitted infection. It was not meant to subtly bash Christianity and incite a national controversy, but rather to amuse those who could take a joke."

Ultimately, *The Cavalier Daily* issued an apology for running "the offensive fare" and pulled the comics from its Web site.

In the "Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom" in Virginia, Thomas Jefferson wrote that "our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, any more than our opinions in physics or geometry … the opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction … all men shall be free to profess, and by argument to maintain, their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities."

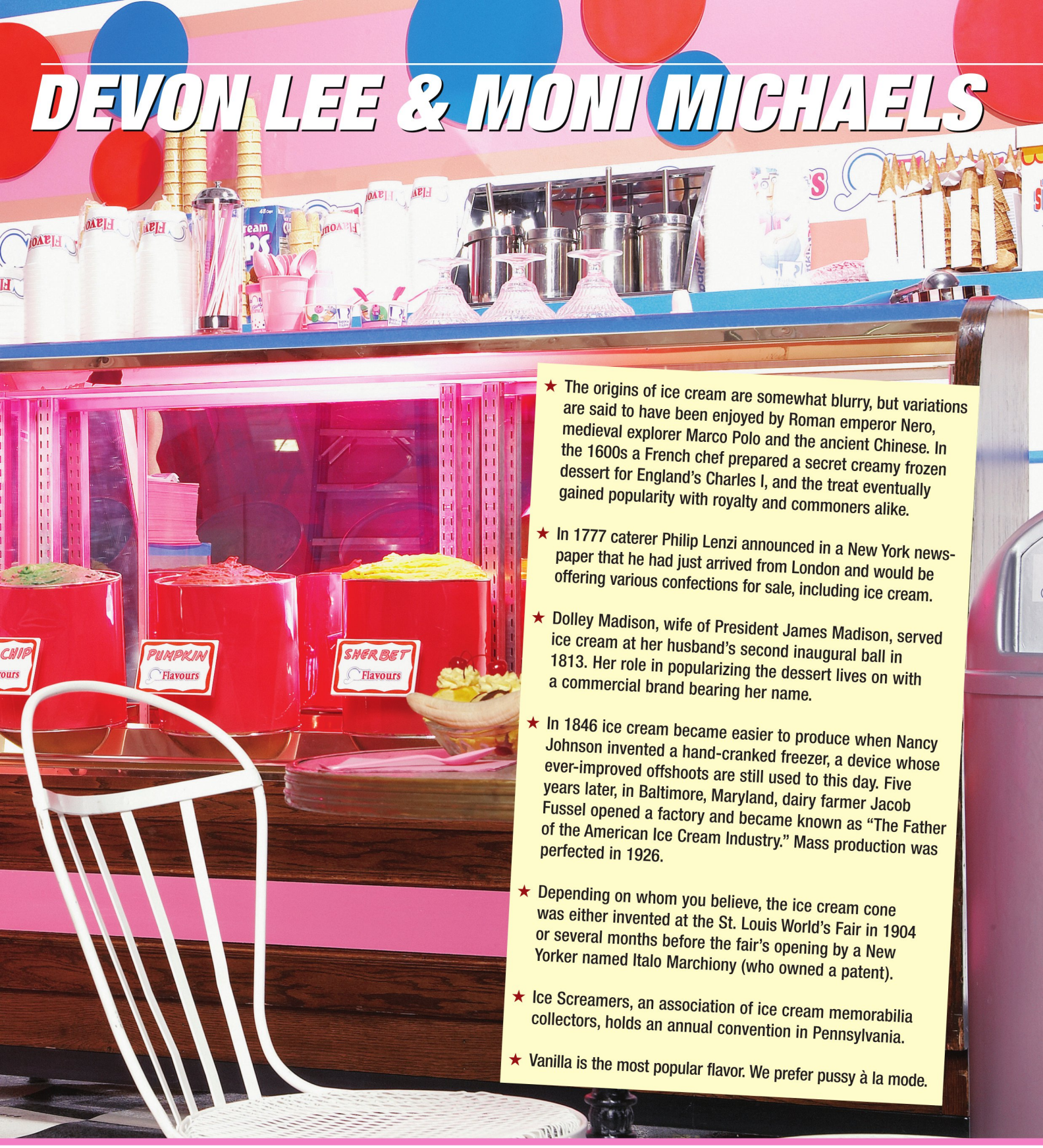
Jefferson, a Virginian, penned the Declaration of Independence and, in 1825, founded the University of Virginia.

Free-speech advocate Michael Dickinson is a Ph.D. candidate at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@lfp.com*.

THE HISTORY

DEVON LEE & MONI MICHAELS



★ The origins of ice cream are somewhat blurry, but variations are said to have been enjoyed by Roman emperor Nero, medieval explorer Marco Polo and the ancient Chinese. In the 1600s a French chef prepared a secret creamy frozen dessert for England's Charles I, and the treat eventually gained popularity with royalty and commoners alike.

★ In 1777 caterer Philip Lenzi announced in a New York newspaper that he had just arrived from London and would be offering various confections for sale, including ice cream.

★ Dolley Madison, wife of President James Madison, served ice cream at her husband's second inaugural ball in 1813. Her role in popularizing the dessert lives on with a commercial brand bearing her name.

★ In 1846 ice cream became easier to produce when Nancy Johnson invented a hand-cranked freezer, a device whose ever-improved offshoots are still used to this day. Five years later, in Baltimore, Maryland, dairy farmer Jacob Fussel opened a factory and became known as "The Father of the American Ice Cream Industry." Mass production was perfected in 1926.

★ Depending on whom you believe, the ice cream cone was either invented at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904 or several months before the fair's opening by a New Yorker named Italo Marchiony (who owned a patent).

★ Ice Screamers, an association of ice cream memorabilia collectors, holds an annual convention in Pennsylvania.

★ Vanilla is the most popular flavor. We prefer pussy à la mode.

OF ICE CREAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BRANT

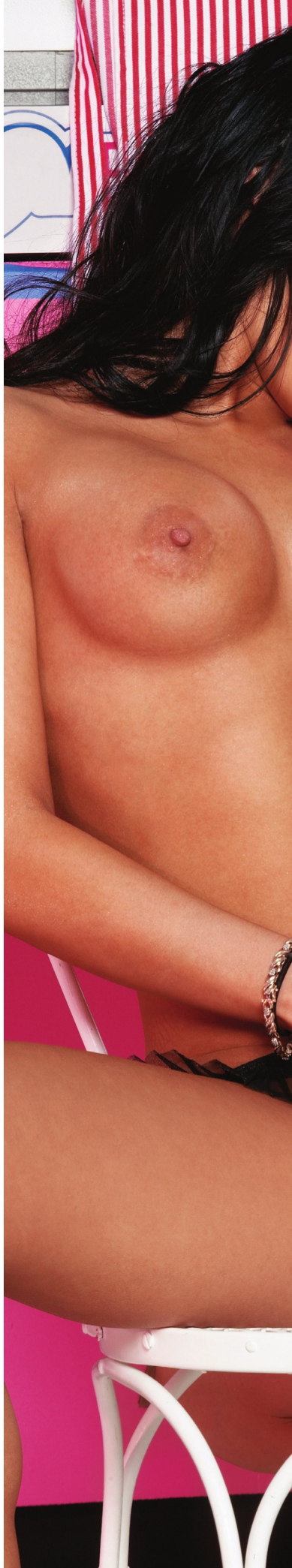
Flavours
Flavours

Flavours
Flavours

Flavours

Flavours
Flavours

Flavours



Flavours
Flavours

Malts
Flavours
Flavours
Flavour
BUBBLE GUM
Flavours

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

*James Deen goes **Deep Inside Joanna Angel**.*

***Joanna Angel:** "Hey, get those pimples while you're back there, okay?" Meanwhile, Kurt Lockwood keeps his eyes wide shut.*

Deep Inside Joanna Angel

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** CAESAR BONOBO. **STARRING:** JOANNA ANGEL, FLOWER TUCCI, SIERRA SINN, SABRINA SPARXXX, KYLEE KROSS, KIMBERLY KANE, JAMES DEEN, KURT LOCKWOOD & MR. MARCUS.

Deep Inside Joanna Angel is the perfect primer for burgeoning fans of the alt-porn icon. Functioning as a sort of greatest hits package, it offers five of Joanna's hottest scenes ever, plus two brand-new ones. If possible, the new footage trumps the older stuff for sheer audacity. It starts out with a blindfolded Joanna suddenly taking two cocks in her mouth. When the camera pans up, we see that one of those phalluses belongs to Flower Tucci, sporting a very realistic-looking strap-on. Not only is Joanna pounded in the ass and pussy, but Flower also squirts girl jizz all over the place to boot. The second original scene features Joanna sharing her favorite boy toy, James Deen, with the super-horny Kimberly Kane. Joanna uses this opportunity to fulfill her wildest fantasies, and the intensity of the sex reflects that. The interview segments allow her to expound on her philosophy of porn, proving her theory that smart is sexy. ***—Kevin Wright***

Who's Your Daddy? Volume 9: *Naughty Jenna Haze rides Mark Woods's woody. Nice lips!*

Who's Your Daddy? Volume 9: *Somebody please get fuckin' Celina Cross a shoehorn!*

Who's Your Daddy? Volume 9

ZERO TOLERANCE ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** GREG ALVES. **STARRING:** JENNA HAZE, SAMMY CRUZ, LORENA SANCHEZ, CELINA CROSS, AARALYN BARRA, LEXI LOVE, SASCHA, MARCO BANDERAS, CHRIS CHARMING, JENNER, TOM BYRON & MARK WOOD.

I don't know if *Who's Your Daddy?* is Zero Tolerance's flagship series, but if Volume 9 is any indication, it should be. The lovely and talented Jenna Haze lends her superstar power to this production, turning in another scorching anal scene. But the rest of the slots are reserved for sexy newcomers like Sammy Cruz and Celina Cross. Director Greg Alves knows how to loosen these girls up with half-joking interview questions. Most of them fire back with sassy answers and generous flashes of their goodies before getting down to business. Petite and adorable Sammy goes for anal raunch in a big way. Aaralyn Barra gets her ass reamed as well. It just so happens that many of the girls are Latina, and the bonus features include a Spanish-language track. Oh yeah, and somewhere in there the girls remember to call the guys "Daddy" (a/k/a "Papi") while riding their cocks—if that's your thing. ***—K.W.***

Teradise Island: *The ass that launched a thousand erections.*

"Chinese food again?" Tera Patrick snacks on Lucy Lee.

Teradise Island

TERAVISION/VIVID. DIRECTOR: SPYDER JONEZ. **STARRING:** TERA PATRICK, NIKKI BENZ, LUCY LEE, ALEXIS AMORE, BRITTNEY SKYE, KRIS KNIGHT, TOMMY GUNN & SPYDER JONEZ.

Shot entirely in Hawaii in high definition, *Teradise Island* shows Teravision following in the classy footsteps of Digital Playground's *Island Fever* series. There's plenty of lush greenery, endless blue skies, beautiful sandy beaches and breathtaking waterfalls. And then there's Tera, romping around in the water, posing tastefully on rocky outcroppings and getting stuffed by her walking tattoo of a husband, Biohazard frontman Evan Seinfeld, a/k/a Spyder Jonez, the writer, producer, director and still photographer of *Teradise Island*. The movie opens with Tera and Lucy Lee enjoying a bit of Sapphic action in an Eden-like setting. Then it's husband-and-wife time, as the illustrated man ass-fucks Tera and then blows his load all over her face. Great cumshot, probably the film's best. What follows are more anal couplings lensed against picturesque surf 'n' turf backgrounds. It seems the penultimate vignette—a threesome involving Tera, Jonez and Alexis Amore—doesn't fulfill the "all-anal" aspect promised on the DVD's cover. While we're on that subject, the cover also boasts Tera "in her first all-anal feature." This isn't Tera's first onscreen anal, and not every scene in *Teradise Island* features anal. On the box cover, *AVN's* Dan Miller touts: "Tera Patrick's first anal scene has been a long time coming." Actually, the superstar's first anal scene was with Anthony Crane in *Caribbean Undercover*. Go figure. The movie winds up with more girl-on-girl action between Tera and gorgeous Nikki Benz. Overall, *Teradise Island* is a beautifully photographed flick filled with hot female talent, who are also shown frolicking in the surf in black-and-white interludes. These shots support the film's high aesthetic quality and provide a good degree of whacking material by themselves. *Teradise Island* also features a second disc with behind-the-scenes footage. ***—Tom Farrell***

*Bung-ho! **Teradise Island** is paradise.*

Teradise Island: *Some folks like their eye candy dripping wet.*

Up and Cummers #80: With then-newcomer Tera Patrick, it's a definite must-see.

Up and Cummers #80

NOW ON DVD!

NEW MACHINE. **DIRECTOR:** RANDY WEST. **STARRING:** RANDY WEST, ALLYSIN CHAYNES, CASSIE, MICHELLE, JUSTIN TYME, SKYLAR KNIGHT & TERA PATRICK.

The rerelease of *Up and Cummers #80* on DVD is a wonderful thing, and not just because of Tera Patrick. Throw young cutie Skylar Knight and sisters Cassie and Michelle into the mix and you've got a film that will practically Crazy Glue your hand to your tool. But let's talk Tera. Patrick's scene opens with the lanky newbie cooing to a showering Randy West, "Mind if I take a shower with you?" Soon the beautiful Eurasian is on her knees and latching on to West's cock like a baby on a milk bottle. "You taste so good," she smiles. "I haven't felt your cock for so long, I can hardly wait to feel it again." Tera proves herself a champion cocksucker. "I love to feel you in the back of my throat," she purrs before sliding West's tool all the way into her mouth. After receiving a minute or so of enthusiastic cocksucking and ball-licking, West bends Tera over and proceeds to fuck the hell out of her. Tera makes no secret as to how turned on she is as West takes her doggy-style in the shower while jamming his thumb up her ass. Eventually, West suggests the pair move into the bedroom, where Tera lies back on West's bed, spreading her legs wide and slipping into a pair of black stockings. West soon mounts her, again fucking the hell out of the tall brunette as her big, natural tits flop back and forth. The action heats up when Tera mounts West in the reverse cowgirl position, spreading her long legs and giving the viewer a fantastic look at her wet, swollen pussy. Tera eventually dismounts, and after a brief 69, West blows his load on her smiling face. **—T.F.**

A TRIO OF SOMETHING WEIRD KINK

Whenever a DVD cover boasts lines like "Name Your Kink" and warns "This program contains nudity, sexual situations and the perverted bastards who call themselves men!" we figure it's worth looking into. Something Weird, the wonderful underground video house, has released a triple feature that gives you optimum bang for your buck.

The first flick comes from Ted V. Mikels, director of the infamous *The Corpse Grinders*, who brings a little more sex and a little less bloodshed to the screen via his 1965 flick *One Shocking Moment*. This sexploitation classic is a cautionary tale about what happens to guys who can't keep it in their pants. Enter Cliff, a horndog who's boning his boss's secretary but just can't seem to get enough pussy. So he hooks up with Tanya, a bisexual dominatrix who runs a local nightclub. Everything's going peachy until…one shocking moment! We're not going to spoil the surprise.

The second offering is *The Abnormal Female*, which chronicles the "case studies" of a psychologist whose female patients suffer from such "disorders" as nymphomania, lesbianism and sadism. "They're sick and they're proud," touts the box cover.

Finally, there's *The Maidens of Fetish Street*, a kinky nudie romp that tells the sad tale of a man whose passions have been inflamed by burlesque. Unable to control his sexual desires, our hapless hero heads to The House of Fetish, where he pays a hooker to pour molasses and ants over his head! Grim and hilarious.

Up and Cummers #73: *Randy West takes Tera Patrick on her XXX maiden voyage in 2001.*

NOW ON DVD!

Up and Cummers #73

NEW MACHINE. **DIRECTOR:** RANDY WEST. **STARRING:** RANDY WEST, TAYLOR MOORE, TERA PATRICK, CHRIS CANNON, TAVALIA GRIFFEN & VIVIAN LOPEZ.

Right from the start, you know that Tera Patrick is destined for stardom, and judging by the enthusiasm she shows in her first film, it's obvious why she went into porn. The statuesque hottie's body is incredible: long legs, a great ass and big, all-natural tits. After a brief interview, the then-23-year-old Montana native starts rubbing her pussy as West shrimps her (sucks her toes). Tera switches to oral, sucking West's cock and giving him a rimjob. With her pussy dripping wet, Tera mounts the much-older raw dog in the cowgirl style. West soon switches to a standing-up position, with Tera begging him to come inside her. He obliges, and a stream of splooge spills out. "You're still hard, baby!" Tera squeals as she climbs aboard West, who quickly flips her onto all fours and enters her from behind. Even after Tera explodes into a loud orgasm, the action isn't over. The two fuck a little more before Tera spreads out on a couch, and West goes down on her. Soon they're back to fucking, West mounting her missionary style, bringing her to another resounding climax. Tera finishes the scene with a faceful of cum, most of which ends up in her mouth while the rest dribbles onto her hooters. If that's not enough, West's tryst with Latina hottie Vivian Lopez will get you hard again. ***—T.F.***

A missing member of KISS? Nope, just ***Ghouls Gone Wild****'s Eva Angelina.*

Ghouls: *Has Phyllisha Anne bitten off more than she can chew?*

Ghouls: *Eva adds some more makeup.*

Ghouls Gone Wild

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** ALEC METRO. **STARRING:** EVA ANGELINA, JENAVEVE JOLIE, KIMBERLY KANE, LEXI BARDOT, PHYLLISHA ANNE, ALEC METRO, CHRISTIAN XXX, JOHNNY CASTLE, MARCOS LEON & MARK DAVIS.

Fans of series like *Gothsend* will enjoy this flick, which could be sold in the adult section of Hot Topic—if there were one. *Ghouls Gone Wild* is a collection of well-filmed escapist goth porn featuring a host of today's players in bright, punk-colored wigs and dark nail lacquer. Some are dress-up Goths, while others seem to wear the costume full time. The scenes are all lensed in an ersatz spooky mansion that looks like it might have seen better days in a John Denver Christmas special. Each vignette is introduced by a Vampira/Elvira knockoff, and then promptly gets right to the action. The second scene, featuring a cotton-wigged Phyllisha Anne, offers some great bend-over views while she leans over to service a seated Christian XXX. There are some enticing shots of Eva Angelina in the next scene as well. Her energy and chemistry with Marcos Leon make this one of the movie's standout scenes. All in all, *Ghouls Gone Wild* is an above-average bit of fantasy smut. ***—Barry Allen***

Waifish Cameron hits her knees to please in **Barely Legal Spoiled Brats #2.**

BL Spoiled Brats #2: Bosomy Bebe has stars in her eyes…and Talon in her fresh twat.

Like this? Pretty Peyton perks up partner Marco Banderas in **BLSB#2.**

Barely Legal Spoiled Brats #2

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** MARK KISMET. **STARRING:** CAMERON, PEYTON, BEBE, NAUTICA EVANS, TIA SWEETS, CHRISTIAN, MARCO BANDERAS, TALON, NICK MANNING & SCOTT LYONS.

What's that old saying: Spare the rod, spoil the child? Director Mark Kismet certainly doesn't spare the rod in *Barely Legal Spoiled Brats #2*. He whips his legal teen charges into shape with the help of some hard-hitting stunt cocks. These girls haven't been spoiled by porn yet, as most are making their XXX debuts. The only "veteran" is 19-year-old Tia Sweets, who takes it up the ass. The scenarios are pretty funny, as most of the chicks have a blast acting bitchy and really getting into their roles. Busty little Bebe, supposedly intent on being the top-biller, even keeps up the farce post-coital. She's lying there with cum on her face when Nautica Evans bursts in and demands they shoot her scene right away, so Bebe screams, "But I'm the star!" It's cute, but these young'uns clearly didn't come to act—they came to suck dick and fuck. The action is raw and energetic, while Kismet captures it all cleanly and closely with his cinéma vérité lens. ***—Dee Gerstenberger***

Jenaveve Jolie and Lexi Bardot are red-hot sex pistols in **Punk Rock Pussy**.

"They're paying us what?!" Logan James and Melissa Martinez share cock in **Punk Rock Pussy**.

Punk Rock Pussy: Naudia's Nyce 'n' spicy.

Punk Rock Pussy

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** RICK DAVIS. **STARRING:** ANGEL LONG, JENAVEVE JOLIE, VERONICA STONE, LEXI BARDOT, MELISSA MARTINEZ, SAMANTHA SINN, NAUDIA NYCE, LOGAN JAMES, TALON, JAY ASHLEY, VAN DAMAGE, BUSTER GOOD & SERGIO.

They say that sex is more a state of mind than body. *Punk Rock Pussy* appeals to both. The movie transports the viewer to a world where chicks in fishnet stockings beat a man's cock with riding crops before deep-throating it, as evidenced in the first scene with Samantha Sinn and muscle marys Sergio and Jay Ashley. The next scene sticks with the formula, touting a bespectacled Veronica Stone toying with a riding crop in a room that looks like it was decorated by the characters of *Saturday Night Live*'s famous "Goth Talk" sketch during the Chris Kattan heyday. Stone is quickly joined by a fishnet-topped Angel Long and Talon. The chiseled pretty boy gets his cock expertly deep-throated by Stone, who keeps her glasses on during the whole affair. Soon both girls are fighting over Talon's cock before the encounter erupts into a noisy, high-energy fuckfest. The scene ends with Talon blowing all over Stone's glasses, face and hair. After that incredible sac drainer, the momentum continues with petite Logan James and Melissa Martinez, who represent the film's first aspects of punk. Joined by Buster Good, the standout scene sets the tone for what ensues: energetic sex with plenty of deep-throating, riding crops, fishnets and hot punk sluts. The film ends on an up note with Naudia Nyce being auditioned by Van Damage to see if she merits a backstage pass. She does, and so does *Punk Rock Pussy*. If that wasn't enough, VCA includes a bonus disc of the full version of *Fuck Sluts From Hell*, which clocks in at about four hours. ***—Ray Green***

NOW PLAYING ON HUSTLER TV

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ELEGANT ANGEL'S
TEEN MACHINE
EVIL ANGEL'S
BOOTY EVERYWHERE
HUSTLER'S
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RED LIGHT'S
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Jessica Jaymes (far right) gets hers in **Jessica Jet Set**, now screening on HUSTLER TV.

See Nikki Benz and Rita Faltoyano in Tera's **Sexxxpose Nikki Benz**.

WHEN TIMES SQUARE WASN'T

New York City's Times Square was a den of iniquity in the postwar years, decades before the mid-'90s scrubbing given the area by then-Mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Peep shows and grindhouse theaters presented nudie flicks and burlesque loops, which during the sexual revolution of the '60s gave way to uncensored hard-core films and even live sex shows.

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO
A TIMES SQUARE TRIPLE FEATURE
The searing saga of an erotic pair who ripped and tore at each other's passions!
VIBRATIONS
FLUCTUATIONS
Submission
FOR ADULTS ONLY

Underground alt-movie distributor Something Weird has now released a handful of DVDs showcasing the voyeuristic charm of late-'60s Times Square sexploitation. One of the genre's sleazemasters, writer/director Joe Sarno, captured the soulless heart of the rotting Big Apple and its denizens in seedy black-and-white, defining a mood later echoed in mainstream fare like *Midnight Cowboy* and *Taxi Driver*.

The first offering of "A Times Square Triple Feature" is *Vibrations*, a 1968 film that defines Sarno's blueprint of sexual liberation with a shadowy side. The film centers around naive Barbara, who has moved to New York City with dreams of becoming a successful writer. The opening credits roll against footage of Barb strolling through a bleak backdrop of urban decadence while a Hammond B-3 organ churns out music that makes you feel unclean.

One day, Barbara's streetwise sister, Julia, shows up for a brief stay. While the two undress, hints of a past incestuous relationship surface as Julia taunts her younger sibling. The action heats up when Julia hears moans and groans emanating from the adjoining apartment of a swinger who pleasures herself with a vibrator that looks like a prop from a *Flash Gordon* serial. Soon, hot-to-trot Julia puts the moves on one of her sister's clients (Barbara types manuscripts for other wordsmiths) and hooks up with the horny neighbor. Will Barbara's curiosity lead her next door to explore the sounds of summering passion as well? We're not going to ruin it for you.

"A Times Square Triple Feature" continues with 1970's *Fluctuations* from Leo J. Rhewdnal, an obscure director who goes hand-in-hand with Sarno's sleazy vision. But *Fluctuations* quickly steps into a netherworld of dreamlike sexual imagery that leaves the storyline by the wayside—along with your senses. Such Felliniesque ersaztz surrealism also weighed down films like *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, *Lisztomania* and *Magical Mystery Tour*. Artsy? Yes. Pretentious? Uh-huh. Don't try to make sense of *Fluctuations*—just enjoy the wild ride. And the threesomes. And foursomes. And pseudo-B&D ambience.

"A Times Square Triple Feature" winds up with 1969's *Submission*, whose credited director is Allen Savage—possibly a pseudonym for Joe Sarno. The movie stars the lovely Jennifer Welles, who went on to work for the uncredited Sarno in the 1977 XXX sex romp *Inside Jennifer Welles*. No matter who called the shots, *Submission* has a claustrophobic feel that Sarno would have been proud of. It tells the tale of a pervert and Vicki, his juvenile wife, who is plied with everything from candy and toys to stay put. When the duo decides to whack a wealthy dyke, Vicki falls for the bitch and tries the switch, leaving her nutbag sex freak mate in a bit of a quandary. Once again, we won't ruin the ending for you.

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BIG SAUSAGE PIZZA

This take on the sausage-in-the-box caper is an XL disappointment. Yummy girls, all VERY surprised to find the weenie in the pie, but still not worth the price of a Hot Pocket.

REALITY WIFE

The wife in question is Kari, a gorgeous, vivacious blonde who fucks, sucks and squirts with élan, giving a whole new meaning to Leave it to Beaver... In 75 all original videos, Kari and her husband Chris keep it interesting with creative storylines and cute outfits. Great quality stills and a new video monthly seal the deal. Says Rodney: "Honey - we're home!"

NEIGHBOR AFFAIR

This site's great direction and Desperate Housewives-style plots make it easy to keep it up with the Jones'. On offer - 26 high quality, rod-stiffening movies, with one added per week. Our fave? Perrenial hottie Vicki Vette offering gardening tips to a naughty neighbor, which leads to much tilling of soil and hoeing of rows... Eat your heart out, Wisteria Lane.

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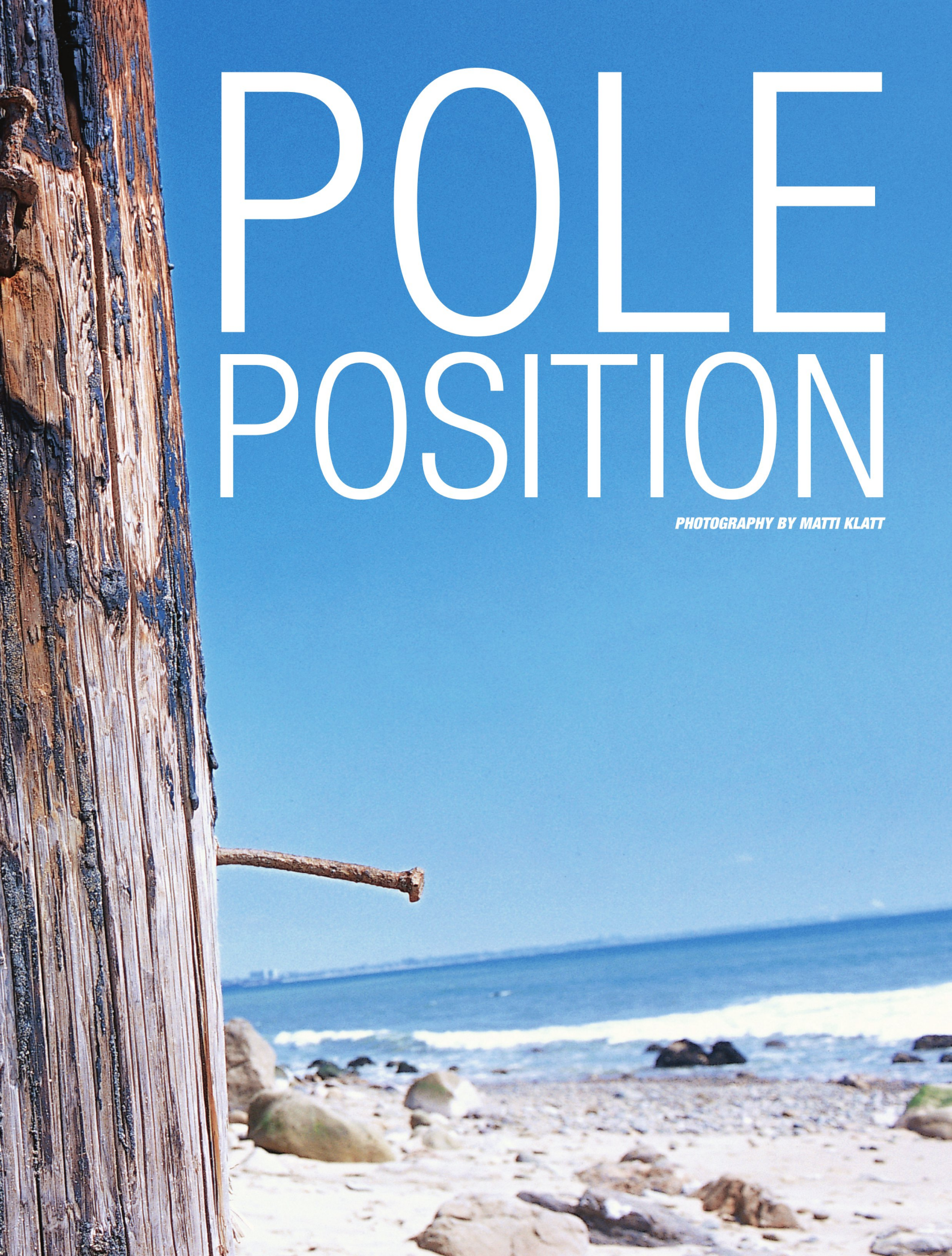
MYSTERY

POLE POSITION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Mystery is a seasoned exotic dancer from North Texas, but posing nude on a bright Mexican beach was an altogether different experience. "When I strip in a club," the statuesque vixen declares, "I'm relaxed, it's dark, and there is throbbing music—plus I'm always moving. Doing this photo-shoot was a little daunting because I was *really* exposed. After it was all done, though, I found that I was very happy, and I hope to do another one again soon."

In her personal life, the exhibitionist is a very traditional homebody. "I'm very straitlaced when it comes to sex," **Mystery** admits. "I love being in monogamous relationships with caring men. Don't get me wrong. I'm no prude, and I need sex all the time. I just like it to be from one guy and full of romance. You know, with candles and lots of kissing and foreplay."

What does **Mystery** do when she isn't shaking her fantastic moneymakers or being ravished? "I love to run at the dog park with my golden Labrador retriever," the top-heavy temptress says. "I named him Knockers. He's a great excuse to talk to hot guys. I can go up to a guy, pretend I lost my dog and ask if he's seen my Knockers. It's a good icebreaker."

With a killer body like hers, **Mystery** can knock on our door anytime.

MYSTERY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Wichita Falls, Texas
AGE: 28
BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio
HEIGHT: 5-8
BUST SIZE: 36D